

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected, carefully and judiciously edited and bound in a handsome and durable cover. The limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George, Harry Deane, President, 12, 10.
FRED HALL, Secretary, Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President, and Ole Christensen, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Melkie, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Miss Margaret McRae; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Himpsted, Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans, Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays, Commander, Frederick J. Burzle, Adjutant, Gus Segure.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Mary F. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. J. Lynch, Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENEWED LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. Wales, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Melkie, Keeper of Records and Seal, Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain F. A. O. Smith; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder, Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

CLAY MCLDON, No. 153—Hugh S. Melkie, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 220, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Two Lively Showers.

Newport has had two lively thunderstorms this week, in each of which the lightning struck in several places but fortunately no very serious damage was done. The rainfall was fairly heavy but will not exceed a total of one inch for both storms.

The first electrical storm came over the city Monday night and was at its worst between 11 and 12 o'clock. The lightning was brilliant and the thunder was very heavy, at times requiring to be close at hand. While the storm was at its height a bolt struck a house on Edgar court and threw a man out of bed, besides doing considerable damage to the building. Those living in the neighborhood were considerably alarmed by the nearness of the bolt.

The storm of Tuesday afternoon was in some respects worse than that that preceded it. The sky was intensely black for some time before the storm broke, and then it rained about as hard as is often seen. The lightning flashes were very frequent and there were many evidences of its striking especially down toward Bateman's point. No serious damage was done, however. In fact Newport fared decidedly better than many of the other places in the East, where great damage was done by the storms of the early part of the week. In the western part of the State a man was killed by lightning while closing a window.

The marriage of Miss Abbie Easton Greene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Greene, and Mr. John Simmons Palmer 2nd took place at Barrington, R. I., on Wednesday. The bride is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Easton of this city and is a graduate of the Newport Hospital Training School for Nurses.

The usual bids for furnishing yearly supplies to the ships and naval stations here have been opened at the navy pay office this week, and some of the contracts will go to local parties. The bids were quite close, a number of ties being recorded.

The graduating exercises of the Grammar grades of the public schools will be held on Thursday afternoon and at the Rogers High School on Friday morning.

Captain Joseph P. Cotton is in Chattanooga, Tenn., attending the sessions of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Mr. Harold F. Gilpin has recently been advanced to a responsible position in the auditing department of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

Society of the Cincinnati.

Triennial Meeting of the General Society will be held in this City Next Week—Many Distinguished Persons Coming—Programme for the Week.

The General Society of the Cincinnati, by invitation of the Rhode Island State Society of the Cincinnati, will hold its Triennial Meeting in Newport next week, beginning on Wednesday, June 21, and closing on Friday, June 23. To this meeting will come delegates and alternates of the thirteen State Societies of the Order (corresponding to the thirteen original states) to the number of 120 and many of them will be accompanied by ladies. The first session of the General Society will be held in the Representatives Hall of the old State House, Honorable Winslow Warren of Massachusetts will preside as President-General and the other General Officers present will be the Hon. James Elmore of South Carolina, Vice President-General, the Hon. Asa Bird Gardner of New York, Secretary-General, Charles Isham of New York, acting Treasurer-General and John Collins Daves of Maryland, assistant Secretary-General. The general Chaplain in attendance will be the Right Reverend John Hazen White, Bishop of Indiana and Reverend Dr. Frank Landon Humphreys.

Among the distinguished delegates who will attend are ex-Senator Morgan C. Bulkeley of Connecticut, Supreme Court Justice Francis Key Fendleton of New York, General Henry L. Abbott of Massachusetts, ex-Governor Charles Warren Lippitt of Rhode Island, Hon. Charles Beatty Alexander of New York and Hon. Oswald Tilghman of Maryland.

The Rhode Island State Society and its members have made extensive arrangements for entertaining their guests. On the first day there will be a luncheon, given at "The Breakwater" by the Vice President Governor Lippitt and an excursion to the Naval Training Station and to Fort Adams, where military honors will be paid to the Cincinnati, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Eliza Dyer will give a reception to the delegates, members of the State Society, and ladies accompanying them. Mr. Dyer is a member of the Rhode Island State Society.

On Thursday, the second day, there will be a luncheon given at Berger's by Charles B. Alexander of the Pennsylvania State Society, as a return for courtesies extended to him by the Rhode Island State Society on the occasion of his visit to Newport two years ago. In the evening the banquet will take place at the Casino Theatre, given by the Rhode Island State Society to the General Society. Governor Pethier, Rear Admiral Rogers, Colonel Coffin, U. S. A., the Right Rev. Bishop Perry, M. Poulakis, the Charge d'Affaires of France, and many other distinguished guests have been invited.

On Friday the third day the luncheon will be given at the Newport Clubhouse by Colonel Charles L. F. Robinson, Assistant Secretary of the State Society, and an excursion will be made to the Revolutionary battlefield at Butts Hill where appropriate ceremonies will take place.

The William Ellery Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will entertain the ladies accompanying the delegates and members of the State Society by a reception on Thursday afternoon.

The General Society of the Cincinnati held its last Triennial Meeting at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1903. The next Triennial Meeting will be held in 1914.

There was a large crowd of people at the Beach last Sunday, the steamers from Providence bringing in a large number of passengers. Things were hardly ready for business at the Beach, but the street cars ran straight through from Broadway for the first time this season.

Newport Lodge of Elks is making great preparations for the convention that is to be held at Atlantic City next month. The local lodge has a company drilling constantly and expects to carry away the prize for the best drilled organization.

Colonel John Mills, U. S. A., will shortly take over the command of the local office of the United States Engineers. Colonel Abbot has been temporarily in charge since the detachment of Colonel Sanford.

There have been lots of mackerel landed at Long wharf during the past week, and the shipments each night have been big. The scrap season has been a poor one.

The Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. building has now progressed to a point where a good idea can be had of the way that it will look when finished.

The city playgrounds, under the charge of the school committee, will be opened on June 23, and will close on September 3.

Recent Deaths.

Robert P. Boss.

Robert P. Boss, one of the best known printers in the country, who learned his trade in the Mercury office as a boy, son-in-law of the late Benjamin W. Pearce, died in Englewood, California, on Monday.

Robert P. Boss was one of the best known of the old-time newspaper printers in the United States. He was known to the newspaper "types" of the country but only as an able man in his business, but as a just man in all of his dealings with his fellow craftsmen. He was with the Globe from its birth in 1872, first as foreman of the composing room for a brief period and afterward as superintendent up to the time of his retirement from active service about six years ago.

During this period of more than 30 years he came in contact with a greater number of the newspaper printers of the United States, especially in the days before the introduction of the Linotype machines, when many of the newspaper "types" were of a migratory character and loved to roam from city to city all over the country.

He was identified with the great revolution, that took place in the newspaper office of the country when typesetting machines were introduced, and his influence in shaping the new conditions under which typesetting is done was important.

Mr. Boss was born in Newport Jan. 11, 1840. When 12 years old he entered the office of the Newport Mercury to learn the printer's trade. Three years later he shipped on the whaling bark Mebane and cruised four years. After this voyage he alternated for some years between printing and voyages at sea.

He was assistant foreman of the Newport Daily News when Fort Sumter fell. He shipped as seaman in the United States navy Sept. 20, 1861, was promoted to master's mate in January, 1862. He was assigned to the U. S. S. Hunchback and joined Burnside's expedition. He was invalided home, and on his return he was assigned to the Heisel, for a time as executive officer. He saved a sailor and was recommended for promotion. In 1864 he resigned his commission and was ill six months. He went on a voyage to southern waters.

After the war he worked on Providence papers, in 1871 went to Boston and when the Globe was projected in 1872 he became night foreman and six months later was appointed superintendent.

He was a member of Dahlgren Post, G. A. R., the Keatzege Veterans Union, a member of the Masonic fraternity, of the Press Club and of Typographical Union 18, and was a delegate from that body to the international convention at St. Louis in 1892.

Mr. Boss married the daughter of the late B. W. Pearce of this city, who died a number of years ago. A second wife survives him.

George W. Flagg.

Mr. George W. Flagg, a former telegraph operator and well known business man of Newport, died at his home on Pelham street on Wednesday evening after a considerable illness, death being due to a complication of diseases. He was in his sixty-eighth year.

Mr. Flagg's native place was Worcester, Mass., where he received his education, and also began the study of telegraphy. He was later employed as an operator in several large cities. During the Civil War he saw active service in a Massachusetts regiment during the greater part of the war, but at its close he returned to his telegraph instrument. He came to Newport in 1870 as local manager of the Western Union office and after about eleven years in that capacity he took charge of the Baltimore & Ohio telegraph office here, retaining that position until it was absorbed by the Western Union. Mr. Flagg then conducted a broker's office for a time and in connection with that he organized a branch of the American District Messenger service. Of late years he has been engaged in business with his son, conducting a pawn broker's establishment on Franklin street.

Mr. Flagg was at one time a member of a number of Masonic bodies, as well as of several other secret orders, but had withdrawn from all of them. He was for three years a member of the old common council from the fourth ward. He was a member of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., and took much interest in the organization. He is survived by a widow and one son, Mr. George W. Flagg, Jr.

Postmaster Barclay of Pawtucket sent his resignation to the Postmaster General on Friday. Congressman Utter will recommend Hon. J. Milton Payne as his successor. Mr. Payne has been prominent in the affairs of Pawtucket for many years. He was State Senator in 1906.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee on Monday evening was a busy one, teachers being elected and salaries fixed for the year. The vacancy in the Lenthal School, caused by the retirement of Principal Henry W. Clarke, after fifty two years of service, was filled by the election of Dr. Clarence A. Carr.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the month ending May 28, 1911, was 8,835; the average number, 8,478; the average attendance, 8,242.5, per cent. of attendance 63.2, the cases of truancy 831, and the cases of delinquency 68. In the Townsend Industrial School, 1,107 pupils were enrolled.

Board of Health.

Since the last meeting of this board the Board of Health has reported one case of diphtheria and two cases of scarlet fever, and six school children have been excluded because of these three cases of contagious disease.

Visiting.

The following teachers have visited since the last meeting of this board: Misses A. E. Agnew, Barber, Brater, Buchanan, Connell, A. E. Dinsell, K. A. Delcol, Greene, H. I. Groff, E. C. Groff, Harrington, Hay, Lee, E. C. Morrison, G. F. Morneau, E. G. Nuss, C. D. Peckham, Phelan, Sanford, Shedd, Sherman, Taylor, Walsh and Wilcox; Mr. Bryant and Mr. May.

Parents' Days.

The five schools south of Bull and Marlborough streets have had their exhibits of school work. Large audiences, especially in the evening, showed their appreciation of the hard work of pupils and teachers. The Townsend exhibited with all five schools the work of the pupils in their.

Rogers.

Thursday evening, June 1, the chorus of the high school invited as many friends as the assembly hall would accommodate to hear it render "The Song of Thanksgiving" by Maude. Under the direction of Mr. Heady, with the able assistance of Miss Dlug at the piano, and by the kindness of Mrs. King, Mrs. Carroll, and Mr. Tallman, the soloists, a delightful entertainment was given. This is the third year that the chorus has attempted a complete work of merit. This year the music was more difficult than before, and with the present increase in interest and the evident approval of the audience even greater results may be expected in the future.

Palmer Writing.

At this date the following have received Palmer diplomas: Misses G. Sullivan, Cowles, Hathaway, MacLellan, Staubops, Gifford and Murphy.

Historical Society.

Through the courtesy of Miss Edith May Tilley, the librarian of the Newport Historical Society, the members of history XIII have spent during the month a profitable hour in the rooms of the Historical Society, studying specially the collection illustrating Colonial life. The history classes of Newport are most fortunate in having open to them a museum holding such a complete collection of articles from the Colonial and Revolutionary periods.

The report of Triant Officers Topham and Wetherell contained the following:

We have the honor to submit the following as our report from May 8, 1911, to June 12, 1911. Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers): 338; number of cases of truancy (public): 30; personal, 9; 46; number out for fitness and other causes, 200; number of different children truant, 39; number found not attending school, 12; number sent to public school, 3; number of certificates issued (14-15 years), 9; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under factory inspection law, 3.

On May 24 a boy who was on probation for larceny was surrendered for truancy and was sentenced to the Stockmasset school during his minority. On the same date a boy was arraigned as an habitual truant, he pleaded guilty, and was placed on probation.

We recommend the prosecution of Daniel Hamilton of 515 Spring street, Thomas Pasquetti of 6 Wallis wharf, and John Chase of 44 Warner street, for not attending school according to law.

After some discussion the recommendations of the triant officers were approved. The report of the finance committee was received. On recommendation of the committee on text books several changes to books were approved. Mr. Campbell was given permission to use two rooms in the Coddington building for a summer school. On recommendation of Superintendent Lull a rule was adopted providing for examinations in September for those who failed in the June examinations and also those desiring double promotion.

Mr. Thomas P. Peckham, Rev. E. H. Porter and Miss Anna Hunter were re-elected trustees of the teachers retirement fund. The calendar for the school year was adopted as follows:

Calendar 1911-1912.

First term—September 11—November 17.

Second term—November 20—February 2.

Third term—February 5—April 4.

Fourth term—April 15—June 21.

Vacations—October 12, Columbus day; November 3, Teachers' Institute; November 30—December 1, Thanksgiving; December 23—January 1, Christmas; February 22-23, Washington's birthday; April 8-14, Easter; May 30, Decoration day.

Several proposed changes of rules, to be acted upon in September, were submitted. There was some discussion about the method of electing teachers, but it was finally voted that this be done in executive session as usual.

The resignations of Mr. Henry W. Clarke and Miss Henrietta U. Gorton were accepted with hearty appreciation of their long and faithful service, the former having served the city 52 years and the latter 40. To fill the vacancy Dr. Clarence A. Carr, a former teacher, was elected at a salary of \$1200. The resignation of Miss Emma A. Eddy was also accepted.

Miss Rowena MacLellan, was elected a teacher in Grade V of the Carey at a salary of \$440, and Miss Kathryn U. Sullivan a teacher in Grade IV of the Coddington at a salary of \$440. The other teachers were re-elected. There were a few increases of salary, mostly under the rule providing for regular increase until the maximum is reached.

The record of Mr. Henry W. Clarke, who retires after 53 years of service is an unusual one. He is now in his eighty-first year, and has been engaged in teaching for about sixty years, a part of the time outside of Newport. He is still hale and hearty and much of the time covers the long distance from his home to the school on foot. He has always been very popular with his pupils.

Dr. Clarence A. Carr, who succeeds him as principal of the Lenthal School, is a graduate of the Rogers High School, Brown University and the Harvard Dental School. He was principal of the Coddington School for several years, and has practiced dentistry here for some time.

Superior Court.

The second week of the June session of the Superior Court for Newport County has been a busy one, with many cases for jury trial. The case of Catherine Donohue vs. the A. C. Titus Company, which came to a close last week resulted in a verdict of \$1000 for the plaintiff.

The case of Richard H. Wheeler, tax collector of Middletown, vs. Lydia M. Ward, was also a long case. This was an action to recover taxes assessed against Mrs. Ward. The defense was to the effect that defendant had removed her legal residence from Middletown to Newport and therefore was not liable to taxation on personal property in the town. There seemed to be some doubt about the actual date of removal and the court ruled that she must be assessed in the place where she had had her residence for the greater part of the 12 months preceding April 1st. The verdict was for the plaintiff for the full amount.

Thomas B. Connelly vs. John Simmons Company was heard by a jury of which Prescott Molden of Middletown was foreman. Plaintiff had a government contract and secured estimates on furnishing certain pipe from defendants, prices being for immediate acceptance. When he placed the order a month later he could not obtain the goods at the price offered. He sued to recover the difference between the price offered and the price he was compelled to pay in open market. The defense based its claim on the clause "in immediate acceptance" and the court ordered a non-suit.

Jeremiah H. Tefft of Jamestown was foreman of the jury that heard the case of Katherine Johnson vs. Anne G. Johnson, an action to determine the title to real estate on Spruce street. The case was a long and dry as real estate cases are likely to be, and was not finished until Wednesday morning. The verdict was for the defendant.

Jose M. De Souza vs. Jose M. De Souza was a suit to recover wages, the plaintiff being a nephew of the defendant. The verdict of the jury was for plaintiff for \$21.60.

On Thursday the case of Edward A. Brown Company vs. Maurice Butler was tried. This was a suit on book account, the plaintiff claiming that \$33.30 was due, while the defendants admitted owing \$5.98. There was some dispute about a receipt that the defendant held, but the jury returned a verdict for only the amount of the undisputed claim, \$5.98 and interest.

Thursday afternoon the case of Mrs. Wealthy C. Casler vs. Owen Mitchell was put on. This was a Block Island case to recover damages for an alleged assault committed by defendant on the night of Sunday, October 3, 1900. The trouble started by some boys throwing stones, and plaintiff alleged that Mitchell attacked her, threw her to the ground and inflicted serious injuries.

The submarine fleet of torpedo boats left Newport for Gloucester Thursday afternoon, to make the long trip under water, and without a tender. There are seven vessels in the fleet, and it is not usual for them to start off on such a long trip without a powerful vessel to look after them in case of accident.

Mr. Oliver C. Rose, lessee of the Eureka Hotel at Block Island, has been in town this week. This will be the first season that the Eureka has been opened to a number of years. It was formerly the property of the late Mary A. Hall.

War Games Next Month.

There is to be a little imitation of real war about the entrance of Naugatuck Bay for a few days this summer, the big battleships of the Atlantic fleet attempting to storm the entrance to the bay while their passage will be opposed by the torpedo fleet and the combined naval militias of the New England States and New York and New Jersey. The conditions of real war will be carried out as closely as possible, and some lively times are expected in this vicinity. The war will last for three days, July 18 to 20 inclusive.

The plans made by the Navy Department officials for the Atlantic Coast Naval Reserves involve some of the most interesting war game plans in which the States' militiamen have ever participated, and it is expected that the plans will result in a taste of real "war" conditions, in which the firing of genuine shells and shot will be the only missing feature.

The naval officials are also endeavoring to enlist the co-operation and interest of certain yacht clubs in the summer's drills. Such clubs, it is pointed out by the strategists, possess many motor boats and small steamers, which would prove to be an important military asset in time of war for harbor and coast defense duties.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was rather a busy one, the claim of John Marks for damages for loss of a horse being heard in addition to routine business. Mr. Marks was represented by counsel and had several witnesses, who claimed that the horse fell on Spring street on May 4, and died as the result of the fall. He regarded the street as unsafe, the grade being defective and an iron manhole cover adding to the danger. The horse was worth \$300 and he asked this amount as damages. Several witnesses, including M. A. McCormick, were called to testify to the danger of the street and the number of horses that fell there. The board took the case under consideration.

Routine business was transacted, regular weekly bills and payroll being approved. The contract for supplying \$80,000 to the city in anticipation of taxes went to the Aqueduct National Bank, the lowest bidder. Several licenses for the sale of fireworks and other purposes were granted. The deed of Bush street as a public highway was approved by the city collector but was allowed to lie on the table for a time. As there was objection the Old Colony Street Railway Company was given leave to withdraw its petition for the erection of poles on Berkeley avenue.

By invitation of the Rhode Island Coal Company which is operating the mine in Portsmouth, a number of representative citizens went out to the coal mine on Saturday afternoon and made a thorough inspection of the plant there. The trip was made in a special car attached to the regular train and the members of the party were given every opportunity to look over the outfit after arriving there. A great deal of money has been spent on the equipment of buildings and machinery and everything is of the best. The local coal was shown burning under boilers at the works, producing hot fire enough to generate unlimited steam. The mine management is confident of the burning quality of its coal and proposes to have it used more extensively in Newport.

Shortly after three o'clock Friday morning there was an alarm of fire from box 34, at the corner of Spring and Mary streets, calling the department to the building owned by William Mathers, the upper floors of which are occupied by several tenants. The occupants were forced to flee to the street in scant attire, alarmed by the smoke and flames, but the damage was not extensive. The fire started in the rear of Robinson's jewelry store, on the outside of the building, and there is no apparent explanation except for incendiarism.

Mr. Leo Sullivan, a brother of Chief Clerk John P. Sullivan of the Torpedo Station, was fatally injured at the works of the Dupont Powder Company at Middletown, N. J., on Thursday. He is a powder expert employed by the navy department at the Dupont works, and was in Newport only a few days ago to visit his father who is quite ill here. Mr. John P. Sullivan left for Middletown as soon as he was notified of the accident.

Mr. Oscar E. Peabody is seriously ill at his home on Extension street. He was formerly a fireman in the employ of the Illuminating department of the Old Colony Street Railway Company and about a year ago suffered a bad fall from a pole. He had been able to get around since the accident, however.

The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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By Anna Katharine Rohlf.

CHAPTER XI. 82 CUTHBERT ROAD.

SWEETWATER was soon at the bottom of the hill, where the street, taking a turn, plunged him at once into a thickly populated district. As this was still the residence quarter, he passed on until he gained the heart of the town and the region of the saloons. Here he slackened pace and consulted a memorandum he had made while talking to Herford.

It was not his intention to revisit the places so thoroughly overhauled by the police. He carried another list, that of certain small groceries and quiet, unobtrusive hotels; where a man could find a private room in which to drink alone, it being Sweetwater's conviction that in such a place, and in such a place only, would be found the tokens of those solitary hours spent by Arthur Cumberland between the time of his sister's murder and his re-appearance the next day.

He asked the first passerby the way to Flubbell's alley.

It was a mile off. "That settles it," muttered Sweetwater. "Besides, I doubt if he would go into an alley. The man has sunk low, but hardly so low as that. What's the next address I have? Cuthbert road. Where's that?"

Espying a policeman crying him with more or less curiosity from the other side of the street, he crossed over and requested to be directed to Cuthbert road.

"Cuthbert road! That's where the markets are. They're closed at this time of night," was the somewhat suspicious reply.

Evidently the location was not a savory one.

"Is there nothing but markets there?" inquired Sweetwater quite innocently. It was his present desire not to be recognized as a detective even by the men on beat. "I'm looking up a friend. He keeps a grocery or some kind of small hotel. I have his number, but I don't know how to get to Cuthbert road."

"Then turn straight about and go down the first street, and you'll reach it before the trolley car you see up there can strike this corner. But first sew up your pockets. There's a bad block between you and the markets."

Sweetwater slapped his trousers and laughed.

"I wasn't born yesterday," he cried, and, following the officer's directions, made straight for the road. Sixty-two was not far off.

He hesitated when he reached it. Some houses invite and some repel. This house repelled. Yet there was nothing shabby or mysterious about it. There was the decent entrance, lighted, but not too brilliantly; a row of dark windows over it; and above it all a sloping roof in which another sparkle of light drew his attention to an upper row of windows, this time of the old dormer shape. An alley ran down one side of the house to the stables, now locked, but later to be thrown open for the use of the farmers who begin to gather here as early as 4 o'clock. Nothing wrong in its appearance, everything shipshape and yet—"I shall find some strange characters here," was the Sweetwater comment with which our detective opened the door and walked into the house.

It was an unusual hour for guests, and the woman whom he saw bending over a sort of desk in one corner of the room he strode into looked up hastily, almost suspiciously.

"Well, and what is your business?" she asked.

"I want a room," he tipsily confided to her, "in which I can drink and drink till I cannot see whisky. Just whisky. Give me a room. I'll be quiet."

"I'll give you nothing." She was hot and angry and full of distrust. "This house is not for such as you. It's a farmers' lodging—honest men, who'd stare and go mad to see a fellow like you about. Go along, I tell you, or I'll call Jim. He'll know what to do with you."

"Then he'll know more'n I do myself," mumbled the detective, with a crushed and discouraged air. "Money and not a place to spend it in! Why can't I go in there?" he peevishly inquired with a tremulous gesture toward a half open door through which a glimpse could be got of a neat little snuggery. "Nobody'll see me. Give me a glass and leave me till I rap for

"This house is not for such as you," you in the morning. That's worth a fiver. Don't you think so, missus? And we'll begin by passing over the fiver."

"No."

She was mighty peremptory, and what was more, she was in a great hurry to get rid of him. This haste and the anxious ear she turned toward the hall enlightened him as to the situation. There was some one within hearing or liable to come within hearing who possibly was not so stiff under temptation.

Changing his notes, he turned his back on the snuggery and surveyed the offended woman with just a touch of maudlin sentiment.

"I say," he cried, just loud enough to attract the attention of any one within ear shot, "you're a mighty fine woman and the boss of this here establishment, that's evident. I'd like to see the man who could say no to you. He's never sat in that 'ere cashier's seat where you be, of that I'm dead sure. He wouldn't care for fivers if you didn't, nor for tens either."

He began to edge toward the door, always eying her and always speaking loudly in admirably acted upsy unconsciousness of the fact.

"I'm a man who likes my own way as well as anybody, but I never quarrel with a woman. I'm going, missus; I'm going. Oh!"

The man who had entered was small almost to the point of being a midget, and, more than that, he was weazen of face and ill balanced on his two tiny, ridiculous legs.

"Is she making a fool of herself?" asked the little man in a voice as shrill as it was weak. "Do your business with me. Women are no good."

And he stalked into the room as only little men can.

Sweetwater took out his bill, pointed to the snuggery and tapped his breast pocket. "Whisky here," he confided.

"Bring me a glass. I don't mind your farmers. They won't bother me. What I want is a locked door and a still mouth in your head. I want to booze to my heart's content, with nobody by to count the glasses. You've known such fellows before, and that cozy little room over there has known them too. Just add me to the list. It won't harm you."

The man's hand closed on the bill. Sweetwater noted the action out of the corner of his eye, but his direct glance was on the woman. Her back was to him, but she had started as he mentioned the snuggery and made as if to turn, but thought better of it and bent lower over her books.

"I've struck the spot," he murmured exultantly to himself. "This is the place I want, and here I'll spend the night, but not to booze my wits away; oh, no."

Nevertheless it was a night virtually wasted. He learned nothing more than what was revealed by that one slight movement on the part of the woman.

The driving in of the farmers, and the awakening of life in the market, and all the stir it occasioned inside the house and out, prevented sleep even if he had been inclined that way. Sooner than was expected of him, sooner than was wise, perhaps, he was on his feet and peering out of the one small window this most dismal day room contained. He had not mistaken the outlook. It gave on to the alley and all that was visible from behind the curtains where he stood was the high brick, windowless wall of the neighboring house. He turned back into the room, disgusted, then crept to the window again, and, softly raising the sash, cast one of his lightning glances up and down the alley. Then he got off the sash and again retreated to the center of the room, where he stood for a moment with a growing smile of intelligence and hope on his face. He had detected close against the side of the wall a box or basket full of empty bottles. It gave him an idea. With an impetuosity he would have criticized in another man he flung himself out of the room in which he had been for so many hours confined and, coming face to face with the landlady standing in unexpected watch before the door, found it a strain on his nerves to instantly assume the sullen, vaguely abused air with which he had decided to leave the house. Nevertheless he made the attempt, and if he did not succeed to his own satisfaction he evidently did to hers, for she made no effort to stop him as he stumbled out, and to her first look, which he managed with some address to intercept, he perceived nothing but relief. What had been in her mind—fear for him or fear for herself? He could not decide until he had rummaged that cart of bottles. But how was he to do this without attracting attention to himself in a way he still felt to be undesirable?

When later in the day a certain old peddler went his rounds through this portion of the city a disreputable looking fellow accompanied him, whom even the sharp landlady in Cuthbert road would have failed to recognize as the same man who had occupied the snuggery the night before. He was many hours on the route and had many new experiences with human nature. But he gained little else and was considering with what words he should acknowledge his defeat at police headquarters when he found himself again at the markets and a minute later in the alley where the cart stood, the contents of which he had seen earlier in the day.

He had followed the peddler here because he had followed him to every other back door and alley. But he was tired and had small interest in the cart which looked quite undisturbed and in exactly the same condition as when he turned his back upon it in the morning. But when he drew nearer and began to lend a hand in removing the bottles to the wagon he discovered that a bottle had been added to the pile and that this bottle bore the label which marked it as being one of the two which had been taken

from the clubhouse on the night of the murder.

The lamp in the corner's room shone dully on the perturbed faces of three anxious men. They had been talking earnestly and long, but were now impatiently awaiting the appearance of a fourth party.

The district attorney courted the light and sat where he would be the first seen by any one entering. Farther back and rather behind the lamp than in front of it stood or sat, as his restlessness prompted, Coroner Perry, the old friend of Amasa Cumberland, with whose son he had now to do. Behind him and still farther in the shadow could be seen the quiet figure of Sweetwater. All counted the minutes and all showed relief, the coroner by a loud sigh, when the door finally opened and an officer appeared, followed by the louching form of Adelaide's brother.

Arthur Cumberland had come unwillingly, and his dissatisfaction did not improve his naturally heavy countenance. "I call this hard," he burst forth. "My place is at home and at the bedside of my suffering sister, and you drag me down here at 9 o'clock at night to answer questions about things of which I am completely ignorant. I've said all I have to say about the trouble which has come into my family, but if another repetition of the same things will help to convict that scoundrel who has broken up my home and made me the wretchedest dog alive then I'm ready to talk. So fire ahead, Dr. Perry, and let's be done with it!"

"Sit down," replied the district attorney gravely, with a gesture of dismissal to the officer. "Mr. Cumberland, we have spared you up to this time for two very good reasons. You were in great trouble, and you appear-



"I call this hard," he burst forth. ad to be in the possession of no testimony which would materially help us. But matters have changed since you held conversation with Dr. Perry on the day following your sister's decease. You have told that sister away, the will which makes you an independent man for life has been read in your hearing, you are in as much ease of mind as you can be while your remaining sister's life hangs trembling in the balance, and, more important still, discoveries not made before the funeral have been made since, rendering it very desirable for you to enter into particulars at this present moment which were not thought necessary then."

"Particulars? What particulars? Don't you know enough as it is to hang the fellow? Wasn't he seen with his fingers on Adelaide's throat? What can I tell you that is any more damaging than that? Particulars! The word seemed to irritate him beyond endurance.

"We can understand," said the coroner, "why you should feel so strongly against one who has divided the hearts of your sisters and played with one if not with both. But there are missing links still to be supplied, and this is why we have summoned you here and ask you to be patient and give the district attorney a little clearer account of what went on in your own house before you broke up that evening and you went to your debauch and your sister Adelaide to her death at the Whispering Pines."

CHAPTER XII.

"MUST I TELL THESE THINGS?"

SOMETHING went on at dinner time. It was not a usual meal, put in the district attorney.

"You and your sisters?"

"Stop! Don't talk to me about that dinner. I want to forget that dinner. I want to forget everything but the two things I live for—to see that fellow hanged and to—The words choked him, and he let his head fall, but presently threw it up again. "That dastard, whom may God confound, passed a letter across Adelaide into Carmel's hand," he panted out. "I saw him, but I didn't take it in. I wasn't thinking. I was—"

"Who broke the glasses," urged his relentless inquisitor, "one at your plate, one at Carmel's and one at the head of the board where sat your sister Adelaide?"

"Must I tell these things? Have it, then! Heaven knows I think of it enough not to be afraid to speak it out in words. Adelaide never had much patience with me. She was a girl who only saw one way, while I wanted pleasure, a free time and a good drink whenever the fancy took me. You know what I am, Dr. Perry, and everybody in town knows, but the impulse which has always ruled me was not a downright evil one, or if it was I called it natural independence and let it go at that. But Adelaide suffered. I didn't understand it, and I didn't care a fig for it, but she did suffer. God forgive me!"

He stopped and mopped his forehead. "That afternoon," he presently resumed, "she was keyed up more than usual. She loved Ranelagh, and

he had played or was playing her false. She saw him look at Carmel, and she saw Carmel look at him. Then her eyes fell on me. I was angry—angry at them all—and I wanted a drink. It was not her habit to have wine on the table, but sometimes when Ranelagh was there she did. She was a slave to Ranelagh. "Ring the bell," I ordered, and have in the champagne. I want to drink to your marriage and the happy days in prospect for us all. It was brutal, and I knew it, but I was reckless and wild for the wine. So, I guess, was Ranelagh, for he smiled at her, and she rang for the champagne. When the glasses had been set beside each plate she turned toward Carmel. "We will all drink," she said, "to my coming marriage." This made Carmel turn pale, for Adelaide had never been known to drink a drop of liquor in her life. I felt a little queer myself, and not one of us spoke till the glasses were filled and the maid had left the dining room and shut the door.

"Then Adelaide rose. 'We will drink standing,' said she, and never had I seen her look as she did then. She drank. We wouldn't call it drinking, for she just touched the wine with her lips, but to her it was debauch. Then she stood waiting, with the strangest gleam in her eyes, while Ranelagh drained his glass and I drained mine. Ranelagh thought she wanted some sentiment and started to say something appropriate, but his eye fell on Carmel, who had tried to drink and couldn't, and he bungled over his words and at last came to a pause under the steady stare of Adelaide's eyes.

"Never mind, Elwood," she said. "I know what you would like to say. But that's not what I am thinking of now. I am thinking of my brother, the boy who will soon be left to find his way through life without even the unwelcome restraint of my presence. I want him to remember this day. I want him to remember me as I stand here before him with this glass in my hand. You see wine in it, Arthur; but I see poison. Carmel, you have grieved as well as I over what has passed for pleasure in this house. Do as I do, and may Arthur see and remember."

Her fingers opened; the glass fell from her hand and lay in broken fragments beside her plate. Carmel followed suit, and, before I knew it, my own fingers had opened and my own glass lay in places on the tablecloth beneath me. Only Ranelagh's hand remained steady. She held her breath, watching that band, and I can hear the gasp yet with which she saw him set his glass down quietly on the board. That's the story of those three broken glasses.

The district attorney sought out and lifted a paper from the others lying on the desk before him. It was the first movement he had made since Cumberland began his tale.

"I'm sorry," said he, with a rapid examination of the paper in his hand, "but I shall have to detain you a few minutes longer. What happened after the dinner? Where did you go from the table?"

"I went to my room to smoke. I was upset and thirsty as a fish."

"Have you liquor in your room?"

"Sometimes."

"Did you have any that night?"

"Not a drop. I didn't dare. I wanted that champagne bottle, but Adelaide had been too quick for me. It was thrown out—wasted—I do believe, wasted."

"So you did not drink? You only smoked in your room?"

"Smoked one cigar. That was all. Then I went down town."

"May I ask by which door you left the house?"

"The side door—the one I always take."

"What overcoat did you wear?"

"I don't remember. The first one I came to, I suppose."

"But you can surely tell what hat?"

"They expected a violent reply, and they got it."

"No, I can't. What has my hat got to do with the guilt of Elwood Ranelagh?"

"Nothing, we hope," was the imperious answer. "But we find it necessary to establish absolutely just what overcoat and what hat you wore down street that night."

"I've told you that I don't remember." The young man's color was rising.

"Are not these the ones?" queried the district attorney, making a sign to Sweetwater, who immediately stepped forward, with a shabby old ulster over his arm and a battered derby in his hand.

"The young man started, rose, then sat again, shouting out with angry emphasis:

"No!"

"Yet you recognize these?"

"Why shouldn't I? They're mine. Only I don't wear them any more. They're done for. You must have rooted them out from some closet."

"Mr. Cumberland," the district attorney was very serious—"this hat and this coat, old as they are, were worn into town from your house that night. This we know absolutely. We can even trace them to the clubhouse."

Mechanically, not spontaneously this time, the young man rose to his feet, staring first at the man who had uttered these words, then at the garments which Sweetwater still held in view.

"I don't know anything about it," were the words with which he sought to escape from the net which had been thus deftly cast about him. "I didn't wear the things. Anybody can tell you what clothes I came home in. Ranelagh may have borrowed—"

"Ranelagh wore his own coat and hat. Mr. Cumberland, you have told us that you didn't know at the time and can't remember now, where you spent that night and most of the next morning. All you can remember is that it was in some place where they let you drink all you wished and leave when the fancy took you, and not before. It was none of your usual haunts. You dreaded to have your sister know how soon you could escape the influence of that moment. You wished to drink your fill and leave your family none the wiser. Am I

not right?"

"Yes, it's plain enough, isn't it? Why harp on that string?"

"You cannot remember the saloon in which you drank. That's possible enough, but perhaps you can remember what they gave you. Was it whisky, rum, absinth or what?"

The question took his irritable listener by surprise. Arthur gasped and tried to steal some comfort from Coroner Perry's eye, but that old friend's face was too much in the shadow.

"I drank—absinth," he cried at last. "From this bottle?" queried the other, motioning again to Sweetwater, who now brought forward the bottle he had picked up in Cuthbert road.

Arthur Cumberland glanced at the bottle the detective held up, saw the label, saw the shape and sank limply in his chair, his eyes staring, his jaw falling.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, pulling himself together with sudden desperate self-possession.

"That," answered the district attorney, "was picked up at a small hotel on Cuthbert road, just back of the markets, not far from the Whispering Pines."

"I don't know the place."

"It's not a high class resort, not select enough by a long shot to have this brand of liquor in its cellar. There were only two bottles of it left in the clubhouse when the inventory was last taken. Those two bottles are now gone, and—"

"This is one of them? Is that what you want to say? Well, it may be for all I know. I didn't carry it there. I didn't have the drinking of it."

"We have seen the man and woman who kept that hotel. They will talk if they have to."

"They will?" His dogged self-possession rather astonished them. "Well, that ought to please you. I've nothing to do with the matter."

A change had taken place in him. The irritability approaching to violence which had attended every speech and infused itself into every movement since he came into the room had left him. He spoke quietly and with a touch of irony in his tone.

"Then I have no doubt but you will do us this favor," volunteered Sweetwater in his pleasantest manner. "It's not a long walk from here. Will you go there in my company, with your coat collar pulled up and your hat well down over your eyes, and ask for a seat in the snuggery and show them this bottle? They won't know that it's empty. The man is sharp and the woman intelligent. They will see that you are a stranger and admit you readily. They are only shy of one man—the man who drank there on the night of your sister's murder."

"You're a—" he began, with a touch of his old violence. But, realizing, perhaps, that his fingers were in a trap, he modified his manner again and continued more quietly: "This is an odd request to make. I won't go with you to that low drinking hell unless you make me, but I'll swear—"

"Don't swear." It is unnecessary to say who spoke. "We wouldn't believe you, and it would be only adding perjury to the rest."

"You wouldn't believe me?"

"No; we have reasons, my boy. There were two bottles."

"Well?"

"The other has been found nearer your home."

"That's a trick. You're all up to tricks!"

"Not in this case, Arthur. Let me entreat you in memory of your father to be candid with us. We have arrested a man. He denies his guilt, but can produce no witnesses in support of his assertions. Yet such witnesses may exist. Indeed, we think that one such does exist. The man who took the bottles from the clubhouse's wine vault did so within a few minutes of the time when this crime was perpetrated on your sister. He should be able to give valuable testimony for or against Elwood Ranelagh."

"This is awful!" Young Cumberland had risen to his feet and was swaying to and fro before them like a man struck between the eyes by some maddening blow.

"If I had only died that night!" he muttered, with his eyes upon the floor and every muscle tense with the shock of this last calamity.

"Dr. Perry, let me go for tonight. Let me think. My brain is all in a whirl. I'll try to answer tomorrow."

But even as he spoke he realized the futility of his request. His eye had fallen again on the bottle, and in its shape and tell-tale label he beheld a witness bound to testify against him if he kept silent himself.

"Don't answer," he went on. "I may as well own the truth and be done with it. I was in the clubhouse. I did rob the wine vault. I did carry off the bottles to have a quiet spree, and it was to some place on Cuthbert road I went. But when I've admitted so much I've admitted all. I saw nothing of my sister's murder, saw nothing of what went on in the rooms upstairs. I crept in by the open window at the top of the kitchen stairs, and I came out by the same. I only wanted the liquor, and when I got it I slid out as quickly as I could and made my way over the golf links to the road."

The district attorney's voice sounded thin, almost piercing, as he made this remark:

"You entered by an open window. Why didn't you go in by the door?"

"I hadn't the key. I had only abstracted the one which opens the wine vault. The rest I left on the ring. It was the sight of this key lying on our ball table which first gave me the idea. I feel like a cad when I think of it, but that's of no account now."

Flushed, he slowly sank back into his seat. No complaint now of being

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910. Subject to change without notice. Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Freetown, week days 6.50 a. m., then every fifteen minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.30 p. m. Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 20 minutes until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15 p. m. Retaining, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.30 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 10.20 p. m., then 11.30 p. m. Sundays 6.50 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.10, 6.15, 6.20 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days. Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6.22, 6.27, 6.32 a. m. and 10.37, 10.47 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Leave One Mile Corner for Beach 6.20 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.20 p. m. Sundays same as week days. Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days. Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.25, 6.30 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m. and then same as week days. Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m. and then same as week days. Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days. Subject to change without notice. C. I. DISBEE, General Superintendent. Division Superintendent.

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Time Table in Effect Oct. 5, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston, week days, 6.17, 8.30, 9.02, 11.02 p. m. Sundays 6.18, 8.31, 9.03, 11.03 p. m. Leave Fall River for Newport, 7.00, 8.33, 11.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.14 p. m. Taunton and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 8.30, 9.03, 11.03 p. m. Providence—6.47, 8.30, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 8.30, 9.03, 11.03 p. m. Boston—6.47, 8.30, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 8.30, 9.03, 11.03 p. m. Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.30, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 8.30, 9.03, 11.03 p. m. R. R. POLLOCK, A. B. SMITH, Gen'l Mgrs.

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THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

In a hurry or of his anxiety to regain his sick sister's bedside. He seemed to have forgotten those fears in the perturbations of the moment. His mind and interest were there; everything else had grown dim with distance.

"Did you try the front door?"

"What was the use? I knew it to be locked."

"What was the use of trying the window? Wasn't it also, presumably, locked?"

"The red mounted hot and feverish to his cheek."

"You'll think me no better than a street urchin or something worse," he exclaimed. "I knew that window. I had been through it before. You can move that lock with your knife blade. I had calculated on entering that way."

"Mr. Ranselagh's story receives confirmation," commented the district attorney, wheeling suddenly toward the corner. "He says that he found this window unlocked when he approached it with the idea of escaping that way."

Arthur Cumberland remained unmoved.

"The district attorney wheeled back. 'There were a number of bottles taken from the wine vault. Some half dozen were left on the kitchen table. Why did you trouble yourself to carry up so many?'"

"Because my greed outran my convenience. I thought I could lug away an armful, but there are limits to one's ability. I realized this when I remembered how far I had to go and so left the greater part of them behind."

"Why, when you had a team ready to carry you?"

"A—I had no team." But the denial cost him something. His cheek lost its ruddiness and took on a sickly white which did not leave it again as long as the interview lasted.

"You had no team? How then did you manage to reach home in time to make your way back to Cuthbert road by half past 11?"

"I didn't go home. I went straight across the golf links. If fresh snow hadn't fallen you would have seen my tracks all the way to Cuthbert road."

"If fresh snow had not fallen we should have known the whole story of that night before an hour had passed. How did you carry those bottles?"

"In my overcoat pockets—these pockets," he blurted out, clapping his hands on either side of him.

"Had it begun to snow when you left the clubhouse?"

"No."

"Was it dark?"

"I guess not; the links were bright as day, or I shouldn't have got over them as quickly as I did."

"Quickly? How quickly?" The district attorney stole a glance at the corner, which made Sweetwater advance a step from his corner.

"I don't know. I don't understand these questions," was the sullen reply.

"You walked quickly. Does that mean you didn't look back?"

"How look back?"

"Your sister lit a candle in the small room where her coat was found. This light should have been visible from the golf links."

"I didn't see any light."

A few more questions followed, but they were of minor import and aroused less violent feeling. The serious portion of the examination, if thus it might be called, was over.

The coroner glanced meaningfully at the district attorney, who, tapping with his fingers on the table, hesitated for a moment before he finally turned again upon Arthur Cumberland.

"You wish to return to your sister? You are at liberty to do so. I will trouble you no more tonight. Your sleigh is at the door, I presume."

They watched him go, each as silent as he. The coroner tried to speak, but succeeded no better than the boy himself. When the door opened under his hand they all showed relief, but were startled back into their former attention by his turning suddenly in the doorway with this final remark:

"What did you say about a bottle with a special label on it being found at our house? It never was, or, if it was, some fellow has been playing you a trick. I carried off those two bottles myself. One you see there; the other is—I can't tell where, but I didn't take it home. That you can bet on."

One more look, followed by a heavy frown and a low growling sound in his throat—which may have been his way of saying goodbye—and he was gone.

A few more words, some understanding as to the morrow, and Sweetwater was also gone. The district attorney and the coroner still sat, but very little passed between them. The clock overhead struck the hour. Both looked up, but neither moved. Another fifteen minutes; then the telephone rang. The coroner rose and lifted the receiver. The message could be heard by both gentlemen in the extreme quiet of this midnight hour.

"Dr. Perry?"

"Yes, I'm listening."

"He came in at a quarter to 12, greatly agitated and very white. I ran upon him in the lower hall, and he looked angry enough to knock me down, but he simply let out a curse and passed straight up to his sister's room. I waited till he came out; then I managed to get hold of the nurse, and she told me this queer tale:

"He was all in a tremble when he came in, but she declares he had not been drinking. He went immediately to the bedside, but his sister was asleep, and he didn't stay there, but went over where the nurse was and began to hang about her till suddenly she felt a twitch at her side and, looking quickly, saw the little book she carries there falling back into place. He had lifted it and probably read what she had written in it during his absence."

"She was displeased, but he laughed when he saw that he had been caught and said boldly: 'You are keeping a record of my sister's ravings. Well, I think I'm as interested in them as you are and have as much right as you to

read as you to write.' She made no answer, for they were innocent enough, but she'll keep the book away from him after this—of that you may be sure."

"And what is he doing now? Is he going into his own room tonight?"

"No. He went there, but only to bring out his pillows. He will sleep in the alcove."

"Drink?"

"No, not a drop. He has ordered the whisky locked up. I hear him moaning sometimes to himself, as if he missed it awfully, but not a thimbleful has left the decanter."

"Good night, Herford."

"Good night."

"You heard? This to the district attorney."

"Every word."

Both went for their overcoats. Only on leaving did they speak again, and then it was to say:

"At 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"At 10 o'clock."

CHAPTER XIII.

ON IT WAS WRITTEN—

SWEETWATER'S night's rest had not benefited him. He had seemed natural enough all through the lengthy conference, but a half hour later any one who knew him well would have seen at a first glance that his spirits were no longer at par.

When at 2 o'clock he entered the clubhouse grounds it was without buoyancy or any of the natural animation with which he usually went about his work. He wandered down on the golf links. Taking out his watch, he satisfied himself that he had time for an experiment and immediately started for Cuthbert road.

An hour later he came wandering back on a different line. He looked soured, disappointed. When near the building again he cast his eye over his rear and gazed long and earnestly at the window which had been pointed out to him as the one from which a possible light had shone forth that night.

There were no trees on this side of the house—only vines. But the vines were bare of leaves and offered no obstruction to his view. "If there had been a light in that window any one leaving this house by the rear would have seen it unless he had been drunk or a fool," muttered Sweetwater, in contemptuous comment to himself.

"Arthur Cumberland's story is one lie. I'll take the district attorney's suggestion and return to New York tonight. My work's done here."

Yet he hung about the links for a long time and finally ended by entering the house and taking up his stand beneath the long narrow window of the closet overlooking the golf links.

With chin resting on his arms, he stared out over the sill and sought from the space before him and from the intricacies of his own mind the blot he lacked to make this present solution of the case satisfactory to all his instincts.

What was that he saw in the vines—not on the snow of the ground, but halfway up in the tangle of small branches clinging close to the stone of the lower story, just beneath this window?

He surely could see something that glistened, something that could only have got there by falling from this window. Could he reach it? No; he would have to climb up from below to do that. Well, that was easy enough.

With the thought, he at once rushed from the room. In another minute he was beneath that window; had climbed, pulled, pushed his way up; had found the little pocket of netted vines observable from above; had thrust in his fingers and worked a small object out; had looked at it, uttered an exclamation curious in its mixture of

suppressed emotions and let himself down again into the midst of the two or three men who had scented the adventure and hastened to be witnesses of its outcome.

"A vial," he exclaimed, "an empty vial, but— Holding the little bottle up between his thumb and forefinger, he turned it slowly about until the label faced them."

On it was written one word, but it was a word which invariably carries alarm with it.

Sweetwater did not return to New York that night.

"I regret to disturb you, Arthur, but my business is of great importance and should be made known to you at once."

Sullen and unmollified, the young man thus addressed eyed apprehensively his father's old friend, placed so unfortunately in his regard, and more slowly exclaimed:

"Out with it! I'm a poor hand at guessing. What has happened now?"

"A discovery—a somewhat serious one, I fear; at least it will force the police to new action. Your sister may not have died entirely from strangulation. Other causes may have been at work."

"Now, what do you mean by that?" Arthur Cumberland was under his own roof and in presence of one who should have inspired his respect, but he made no effort to hide the fury which these words called up. "I should like to know what devilry is in your minds now. Am I never to have peace?"

"Peace and tragedy do not often run together," came in the mild tones of his would-be friend. "Mr. Ranselagh's

assertion that he found Miss Cumberland dead when he approached her, may not be, as so many now believe, the reckless denial of a criminal disturbed in his act. It may have had a basis in fact."

"I don't believe it. Nothing will make me believe it," stormed the other, jumping up and wildly pacing the drawing room floor. "It is all a scheme for saving the most popular man in society. But you haven't told me your discovery. It seems to me it is a little late to make discoveries now."

"This was brought about by the persistence of Sweetwater. He seems to have an instinct for things. He was leaning out of the window at the rear of the clubhouse—the window of that small room where your sister's coat was found—and he saw, caught in the vines beneath, a little bottle, an apothecary's vial. It was labeled 'Poison' and it came from this very house."

"How do you know that vial came from this house?"

Dr. Perry looked up, astonished. He was prepared for the most frantic ebullitions of wrath, for violence even, or for dull, stupid, blank silence. But this calm, quiet question of fact took him by surprise. He dropped his anxious look and replied:

"It has been seen on the shelves by more than one of your servants. Your sister kept it with her medicines, and the druggist with whom you deal remembers selling it some time ago to a member of your family."

"Which member? I don't believe this story; I don't believe, any of your— He was fast verging on violence now."

"You will have to, Arthur. Facts are facts, and we cannot go against them. The person who bought it was yourself. Perhaps you can recall the circumstance now."

"I cannot." He did not seem to be quite master of himself. "I don't know half the things I do; at least I didn't use to. But what are you coming to? Are you going to call it suicide? You can't, with those marks on her throat."

"We're going to carry out our investigations to the full. We're going to hold the autopsy, which we didn't think necessary before. That's why I am here, Arthur. I thought if your due to know our intentions in regard to this matter. If you wish to be present you have only to say so; if you do not you may trust me to remember that she was your father's daughter as well as my own highly esteemed friend."

Shaken to the core, the young man said down.

"My duty is here," he said at last. "I cannot leave Carmel."

"The autopsy will take place tomorrow. How is Carmel today?"

"No better." The words came with a shudder. "Doctor, I've been a brute to you. I am a brute! I have misused my life and have no strength with which to meet trouble. What you propose to do with—Adelaide is horrible to me. I didn't love her much while she was living, but if I could have saved her body this last humiliation, I would willingly die right here and now and be done with it. Must this autopsy take place?"

"It must."

"Then tell them to lock up every bottle the house holds or I cannot answer for myself. I should like to drink and drink till I knew nothing, cared for nothing, was a madman or a beast."

"You will not drink." The coroner's voice rang deep; he was greatly moved. "You will not drink, and you will come to the office at 5 o'clock tomorrow. We may have only good news to impart. We may find nothing to complicate the situation."

Arthur Cumberland shook his head. "It's not what you will find"—said he, and stopped, biting his lips and looking down.

Twenty-four hours later, in the coroner's office, sat an anxious group discussing the great case and the possible revelations awaiting them. The district attorney, Mr. Clifton, the chief of police and one or two others, among them Sweetwater, made up the group and carried on the conversation. Dr. Perry only was absent. He had undertaken to make the autopsy and had been absent for this purpose several hours.

Five o'clock had struck, and they were momentarily looking for his reappearance, but when the door opened, as it did at this time, it was to admit young Cumberland, whose white face and sinking limbs betrayed his suspense and nervous anxiety.

The door opened again and the coroner appeared, looking not so much depressed as stunned. Picking out Arthur from the group, he advanced toward him with some commonplace remark, but desisted suddenly and turned upon the others instead.

"I have finished the autopsy," said he. "I knew just what poison the vial had held and lost no time in my various tests. A minute portion of this drug, which is dangerous only in large quantities, was found in the stomach of the deceased, but not enough to cause serious trouble, and she died, as we already decided, from the effect of the murderous clutch upon her throat. But" he went on sternly as young Cumberland moved and showed signs of breaking in with one of his violent invectives against the supposed assassin. "I made another discovery of still greater purport. When we lifted the body out of its resting place something besides withered flowers slid from her breast and fell at our feet. The ring, gentlemen—the ring which Ranselagh says was missing from her hand when he came upon her and which certainly was not on her finger when she was laid in the basket—rolled to the floor when we moved her. Here it is. There is one person here, at least, who can identify it. But I do not ask that person to speak. That we may well spare him."

He laid the ring on the table, not too near Arthur, but within reach of his hand, but close enough for him to see it. Then he sat down and hid his face in his hands. The last few days had told on him. He looked older by ten years than he had at the beginning of the month.

The silence which followed these words and this action was memorable



"THE RING, GENTLEMEN."

to everybody there concerned. Some had seen and all had heard of young Cumberland's desperate interruption of the funeral and the way his hand had invaded the flowers which the children had cast in upon her breast. When at last Arthur looked up it was with a dazed air and an almost humble mien.

"Providence has no this time," he muttered. "I don't understand these mysteries. You will have to deal with them as you think best."

Turning away, he made for the door. There was in his manner desperation approaching to bravado, but no man made the least effort to detain him. Not till he was well out of the room did any one move; then the district attorney raised his finger, and Arthur Cumberland did not ride back to his home alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUT FOR THE FEES.

Corporation Directors Want Their Rights and Usually Get Them.

A large corporation held a directors' meeting a few days ago. As the meeting was coming to a close one of the directors, reputed to be worth \$10,000,000, ran in all out of breath. Just as he entered the other directors were making their exit, says the Hartford Courant.

"Look here," the incoming director shouted to the chairman, "I want to know why I haven't received notice of this meeting."

"I am sure I don't know," the chairman said. "Notices were sent to all directors. You surely must have received one."

The director finished up an excited tirade by saying, "I want my rights."

Just then the secretary was brought into conference, who in turn handed the late director an envelope. He departed with a smiling countenance.

This recalls the story of a New York corporation where \$20 for each director was laid on the table and those who attended divided the whole pile. If half came each got \$10. The members were men far advanced in years and in riches. One day it stormed violently when a meeting was to be held. The executive officers did not believe a single director would be there, but every man of them was on hand, each having figured out that nobody else would appear and that he might swipe the entire allowance.

On a Grain of Wheat.

Prayers have been written and engraved on many small objects, but only one person ever has been patient and painstaking enough to inscribe a complete prayer on a grain of wheat.

One day Sir Moses Montefiore received a small tin box in the mail. On the cover of the box was written, "A prayer for Sir Moses Montefiore, by Bauch Mordecai, son of Zebi Hirsch Scheinmann of Jerusalem." The box contained a single grain of wheat, on which were inscribed in characters so small they could only be read with the aid of a powerful microscope the 388 Hebrew letters of the prayer and the date of the year (Hebrew reckoning), 5645. Sir Moses kept the prayer in his private desk until he died, and it is preserved with religious care by one of his friends.

Merry-go-round.

Coming across the Revere Beach ferry were two men whose antics attracted considerable attention. The younger would step around to the right side of his companion, and within a minute the elder would make a corresponding shift. At last the elder became irritated.

"Say, what are you trying to do, shifting around like this?" he demanded.

"I'm deaf in my left ear and was trying to get where I'd hear well," the younger replied.

"And I'm blind in my left eye and wanted to see what was doing," said the other.—Boston Journal.

Settled.

Old Gentlemen (at his daughter's wedding)—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you. Bride—Oh, that's all right, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to start housekeeping, so you won't lose me after all.

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Office Telephone 121
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Saturday, June 17, 1911.

With all the hysterics of the Providence Tribune, the registration in Providence is on the wane. Better toss in a few more Speaker Bliss cartoons.

If the Panama Canal is completed by July 1, 1913, it will not be easy to prevent the people of the United States from burning a good deal of extra powder three days later.

We always knew that the people of Providence were pushers. To prove it look at their base ball team in the Eastern league. That team is pushing all the rest of the league, but from a long distance in the rear.

Canada has decided to have its own gold coins to replace those of the United States, of which one government department in the Dominion holds \$68,000,000. In some respects the talk of reciprocity tends to put the United States and Canada farther apart.

"I will not be a candidate again. It would be a public calamity," says Col. Roosevelt. And there are editors mean enough to agree that it would be.

We could find others besides editors ready to subscribe to the same sentiment.

The value of the Supreme Court decision to the business world is not only in the hope it may inspire in some quarters of the organization of new combinations, but in the hope it will inspire among smaller capitalists to profitably engage in business as independent concerns.

It was stated before the Congressional Investigating Committee that the sugar bill of the American people amounted to \$368,000,000 annually. And if it were not for the Louisiana planters and the beet sugar raisers in this country \$520,000,000 could be saved by knocking off the duty.

The collapse of the insurgent gang in Congress is one of the curiosities of the day. It looks now as though La Follette, Borah, Bourne and one or two others would soon be left to fight their battles alone. The country can stand it. The sooner that dishonest political crowd goes into oblivion the better.

The long word fight on reciprocity has begun. It is thought that it will take the Senate about six weeks to talk itself out on this question. Already the speeches are being made to empty benches, but that does not deter the Senators who are talking for "house consumption," not to convince any of their fellow Senators.

Rhode Island is so persistently misrepresented by papers like the Providence Journal, which is edited by men who have no personal interest in the State, and by Democratic politicians like Ex-Governor Garvin and others of his ilk, that the world outside knows next to nothing about the internal management of affairs in the State, or the political conditions existing here. Here comes a U. S. Senator from that immaculate State of Kentucky who seriously tells the people and the world that the "Rhode Island legislature cannot be trusted to do justice to the people." That same wise Senator had better come up here and get posted before he attempts to enlighten the country on something that he knows nothing about.

It is refreshing, in these days of radicalism and insurgency, to know that New England still stands firm and right on most of the important questions of the day. The rabid sentiment of the West has not yet found seat here, and we pray that it never may. On the wild scheme that the western radicals have at last passed through the United States Senate, that of electing United States Senators by the direct vote of the people, the solid Republican New England vote was recorded in the negative. This is one of the last schemes for breaking down the Constitution and one of the most dangerous of them all. If this measure as it passed the Senate be accepted by the House and be ratified by three-fourths of the states the beginning of the end of the influence of the small states would be here. When once this becomes the law of the land its advocates openly boast that their next move will be to have a Senate made up on population instead of by States. This then is the trend of affairs and many of the people even in the small States are aiding to bring it about, not knowing what they are doing. It is to be hoped that New England at least will hold fast to its anchorage and not be carried away by the erratic and radical ideas of these unfortunates.

Readers of the Providence Journal, Borah, Bourne, Cummins & Co. The people will in time repudiate such leadership, for these men are not honest in their actions. They are simply working for positions for themselves, but for the present, however, they are clothed with too much power for the good of the country. If this Senatorial proposition goes to the people it will take the opposition of twelve States to defeat it. It is to be hoped that six of the twelve will come from New England.

Gov. Dix and Income Tax.

A New York non-partisan paper speaking of Gov. Dix's act says: It would seem that the Democratic organization in this state had already done enough to ensure the loss of the state to the party next year without the appearance of Governor Dix in the role of a radical, threatening to call a special session of the legislature if the regular session cannot be dragged into complying with his views on the income tax. Governor Dix has contributed his share of casting away Democratic opportunity by awkward and unsuccessful efforts to placate at the same time the reform element in the state and the boss of the Democratic organization. The boss has done his share also to cast away Democratic opportunity; but it seems almost as if they had on the one issue on which he is credited with conservatism and sound sense the governor should come out openly against him.

The country has rejected the income tax amendment in its present form under the limitations for its consideration prescribed by the Constitution. No less than fifteen states have voted against it, directly or indirectly, where the vote of only twelve was required for its defeat. Two of these states—Arkansas and Maine—reversed their position leaving the recorded negative vote at thirteen. The effort which is now being made in New York to change the verdict of last year is part of a scheme worked up by extremists to secure the reversal of the judgment of the states under the Constitution.

Even if an income tax is not in itself desirable, there is no need for uneasily haste in passing a crude draft of the amendment. The Federal finances are not in jeopardy, there are no warehouses on the horizon, and if an income tax amendment is to become a part of the Federal Constitution there is no reason why it should not be considered by Congress carefully and in order, instead of "jammed through," practically without debate, as was the case with the amendment now pending.

The Decline of the States.

For almost a century and a quarter the Federal Senate has stood the central fact of our Federal system. So long as this body remained unchanged, there existed an organic relation between the State governments and the national Government which went far to prevent a decay of either member. If the people of a State would be well represented in the upper chamber at Washington they were obliged to preserve the efficiency and honor of their representatives in their State capital.

But a spirit of restlessness and easy change has set in and yesterday the Senate, the Senate of Madison and Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, resolved upon suicide. Rather than pursue the hard road of purging the Senate through purging the State governments, a body of reformers had raised a hue and cry for a short cut. Abolish the old Senate and create a new one, was their plea. And the Senate has at last yielded.

Thus at a time when the State governments are peculiarly in need of the watchful care and interest of the voters they are threatened with the loss of a most important and vital function. Their further decline seems certain if this reform becomes law.

Fortunately, a majority of the Senate saw to it that the amendment was short of one grave peril. In order to back to pieces the Senate, the wisest reformers were willing to sacrifice one of the vital national prerogatives—the national control of Senatorial elections—a power upon the exercise of which the very existence of the nation might depend. This cheap appeal to a supposed Southern prejudice has been defeated, we are glad to see. The broad problem remains for the States to consider.—New York Sun.

W. J. McGee, formerly of the United States Geological Survey, later head of the Bureau of Ethnology, and now attached to the Bureau of Soils, says that this country can support a thousand million people. Taking arable land at 1,250,000,000 acres, soil production would weigh 2,500,000,000,000 tons, which would produce 7,500,000,000,000 tons of food annually. He declares that with sufficient water supply the earth will support life for seventy centuries more. Water supply of the main land of the United States is hardly half that required for full agricultural production. Continent is gradually wearing down under water erosion at the rate of one foot over its entire surface in six thousand years.

Great Eastern, June, 1860, length 680 feet, beam 83 feet, depth 53 feet, tonnage 19,000; Olympic, June, 1911, length 832 feet 9 inches, beam 82 feet, depth 64 feet 8 inches, tonnage 45,000; This shows the progress made in the past few years. The Great Eastern was too big for the day and now we have ships two hundred feet longer and of more than double the tonnage.

New York is ready to spend two hundred and forty seven millions on new subways. She proposes to have at least seventy five miles more underground roads. It is a big proposition before the authorities of that city.

Plans have been submitted for three new Federal buildings in Washington, to cost \$9,000,000. Congress always finds it easier to finance a surplus than a deficit.

It is too early for Col. Roosevelt to declare himself on the Taft question. Probably he is waiting for the public to declare itself on the Roosevelt question.

Governor Pothier is now a Doctor of Laws.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

The Canadian Reciprocity Bill has been reported to the Senate with the Root Amendment—Bill. Proposed that the Postoffice Department Acquire the Big Express Companies—Rockefeller's, Hundred Millions May be Incorporated—Talk about Wool—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington D. C., June 15, 1911.

The friends of reciprocity with Canada who appear in the majority in the United States Senate. The Senate Committee on Finance reported the Canadian reciprocity bill on Tuesday. The bill contained the Root amendment relating to pilot paper and wood pulp. Other amendments offered by Senators Nelson and Gallinger relating to the duties on foreign products were voted down. In the committee a motion to report the bill favorably was voted down, also a motion to report it adversely failed on a vote. The bill therefore goes to the Senate, without recommendation. It is the expectation of friends of the reciprocity bill that the Root amendment will be defeated in full Senate. A caucus indicates that there is a majority opposed to the Root amendment, and it is expected that after long debate the bill will pass precisely as it passed the House, and in due course receive the signature of the President.

Representative Lewis of Maryland this week introduced a bill to merge the express companies of the United States into the postoffice system, with the object of reducing the rate over one-half on small parcels and about one-third generally, and to extend the system to the country districts by help of the rural delivery, which he proposes to extend further. Mr. Lewis says, "There are two main reasons why postal express is necessary—first, the express company service does not reach the country and the farms; and second, the contracts of the express companies give them an average rate of three-fourths of a cent per pound on parcels with the railways, while the government is paying the railways 4 cents a pound for carrying mail. In order to get this comparatively cheap transportation rate for the carriage of parcels, I propose that the express companies' contracts with the railways be acquired by condemnation, on the doctrine of the right of eminent domain, and that bonds be issued by the government to raise the necessary funds." Mr. Lewis fully explained his plan in an address in the House. He showed that the charge for carrying express packages in the United States is sixteen times as much as for carrying freight, while the average in other countries is only five times as much. He said that the express companies were making 50 per cent profit on capital actually invested. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire will make another effort to have the Rockefeller Foundation of over one hundred millions of dollars incorporated under a government charter, and a bill has been introduced in the Senate by him for that purpose. The incorporators named are John D. Rockefeller, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., E. C. Gates, S. J. Murphy and C. O. Field. It will be remembered that about a year ago Mr. Rockefeller made an effort to donate this immense sum for charitable education, and other beneficent purposes, but that there was objection made by someone in the Senate that such an immense sum of money might in time be used for purposes subversive to the government. Senator Gallinger is of the opinion that the language of the new bill which reposes in Congress the right to amend the charter at any time will avoid the objections formerly urged. The great sums of money donated by Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie and other multi-millionaires make no speech in the history of donations. There is nothing in former times to compare with them, either in munificence or in intelligent beneficence.

The Democratic wool tariff bill which has been so bitterly opposed by Mr. Bryan, who is in favor of free wool, is now under debate in the House of Representatives. Victor Muddock of Kansas, the famous insurgent, spoke against it on the ground that it afforded protection to the so-called "worsted trust." He especially attacked the 40 per cent duty on wool cloths which the bill contains, urging that it afforded protection to the monopoly that controls the worsted output. "I cannot see how any man here," said Mr. Muddock, "knowing the worsted trust, knowing its gross and cruel brutality in the fabric field, can back it up while it continues to twist its long, strangling fingers around the throat of the American consumer. I cannot see, for the life of me, how any man in the American Congress can aid the worsted trust by putting a tariff on worsted either as a frankly avowed measure of protection, or under the pretense of a tariff for revenue. The worsted trust has debased the quality of goods that the consumer buys, that clothing manufacturers have been ashamed to pass the fabrics on the wearers."

The State Conservation Commission has issued its first bulletin showing some five hundred farms for sale in Rhode Island and less than half the towns of the State have been canvassed. In Newport County, only Tiverton and Little Compton are mentioned. In Tiverton there are sixteen farms described as for sale and Little Compton twenty seven. Some of the towns in other parts of the State seem to be almost entirely for sale. In the town of Scituate alone there are ninety five farms which the owners wish to dispose of. This does not look well for that town. The market for farms would seem to be glutted even here in Rhode Island.

Every New England Senator except the sole Democrat from Maine voted against the election of U. S. Senators by the direct popular vote. Therein they displeased the Providence Journal and other papers of that uncertain stamp but they voted for the best interests of the people of New England. If this measure should finally become a law, it will not be many years before the six New England states will be reduced to a representation equal to about one Senator to New York's fifteen.

The Sherman anti-trust law is now pronounced by prominent judges, to be no good. Some of the big trusts that are compelled to dissolve feel the same way about it. "How about the Nile? Great eh?" "Yes. As I remember it took up several pages in the guidebook."—Washington Herald.

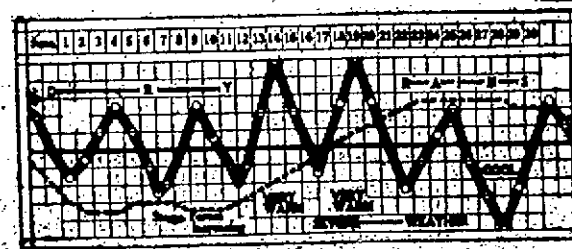
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WEATHER BULLETIN.



In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rain fall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

Rainfall of June will be of immense importance. A great and general drouth will prevail east of Rockies. The exceptions will be Cuba and southern Florida, southern Texas, southwestern Louisiana, parts of Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, spots in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois.

The drouth will be general while the exceptions will be only small sections. The worst part of the drouth will cover northeastern Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, eastern Missouri, southeastern Iowa and then a broad belt northward including all the northern states, from the Dakotas eastward and all the provinces from Manitoba eastward. I am in doubt about the western provinces west of Manitoba and the states west of the Dakotas. From Des Moines north and west, to the states the drouth will be severe east of the Rockies.

This great drouth may begin a little earlier or a little later than indicated, it may continue well up into July, but large sections will get good rains some time in July. By proper cultivation farmers can pull their crops through the June drouth and while the heavy rains of July strike they will be able to make a good showing up to the last of July.

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Washington, D. C., June 15, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 17 to 21, warm wave 15 to 20, cool wave 19 to 23. The special features of this disturbance will be the part it will play in the closing days of June. Its cool wave will bring relief, start the temperatures downward and cause some rain that may be the entering wedge toward breaking the drouth where it has been too dry. Severe local storms will break loose in some places while this disturbance is passing.

Next disturbance will touch Pacific coast about June 22, cross Pacific slope by close of 23, great central valleys 24 to 26, eastern sections 27. Warm wave 26, cool wave 27. Warm wave 27, will cross Pacific slope about June 27, great central valleys 28, eastern sections 29. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 29, great central valleys 27, eastern sections 29.

This disturbance will develop more than usual force and in some places will bring on severe local storms. Cooler weather will prevail, and drouth will be broken in some places. Very cool weather may be expected as the cool wave of this disturbance comes in.

Drouth conditions will probably continue about and south of the upper great lakes but on large parts of the continent the drouth will give way as July enters. But the crop season of 1911 will be noted for good rains in spots while severe drouth prevails in other spots. This condition comes from thunder showers, also called electrical storms. General rains that are so vastly beneficial to the growing crops have not been expected for this year.

It is very difficult to locate these spots where thunder showers will fall and other spots where drouth will prevail. In fact it cannot be done. All we can do is to forecast the drouth conditions which usually include some severe local thunder storms.

I very much prefer that all my work shall go out through the newspapers. Where your paper publishes my work

Gov. Bass of New Hampshire has at last got a Public Utilities Commission that his council will confirm. The new man is Prof. Thomas Wilson Dorr Worthen, for many years a professor of mathematics in Dartmouth College and as his name would indicate to a Rhode Islander, a lifelong Democrat. His father must have been an admirer of the leader of the Dorr Rebellion in Rhode Island.

Last Sunday the police were called upon to break up two lively scraps and in both cases men were taken to the hospital for the treatment of wounds received by cutting. Neither case proved very serious.

Several Newport organizations will take part in Fall River's big celebration next week. The Spanish War Veterans and the Knights of Columbus voted on Thursday evening to take part in the parade.

Not a Success.

Sawyer-Twistler has invented a combination broom that can be used for a cane, a trapeze, a rolling pin, a billiard cue, a lawn mower handle and a wooden leg. Geating—He ought to make money with a broom like that. Sawyer—He could if he only knew how to adjust the blades so it would sweep.—Chicago News.

Valuable Help.

"I understand that your wife collaborates with you?" "Yes; her work aids me immensely." "I don't believe I have ever seen any of her writings." "She doesn't write. She prepares my meals."—Houston Post.

The great soul that sits on the throne of the universe is not, never was and never will be in a hurry.—Timothy Tildcomb.

PASTOR PLASS PLEADS GUILTY

Similar Action Is Taken by Brooks and Traphagen

USED THE MAILS TO DEFRAUD

Only Five Counts Affected by Shift of Plea of Officers of Redeemable Investment Company—District Attorney Will Not Ask For Prison Sentence—Concern Disposed of Large Amount of Stock in New England

Boston, June 16.—Rey. Norman Plasse, Charles H. Brooks and John I. Traphagen, officers of the Redeemable Investment Company, whose case had been on trial in the United States district court for several days on charges of using the mails in a scheme to defraud, changed their pleas of guilty on certain counts, thus bringing their trial to an abrupt end.

The change was made in open court before Judge Dodge and the jury who have been hearing the evidence. It followed a conference between counsel for the defense.

The stocks dealt in by the firm were mostly of a mining character. The three men pleaded guilty to five counts in an indictment of a dozen counts. When they admitted their guilt in five counts, United States district Attorney French dropped the others.

Mr. French announced that he would not move for sentence of the three men at this time, and added that he would not ask for a prison sentence, but for a substantial fine.

It was said that the company disposed of about \$200,000 worth of stock in New England. But because of the standing of some of the subsidiary companies, it was said some of the stock is of some value, how much could not be figured out.

Federal officers raided the offices of the Redeemable Investment company, of which Plasse was president, in October, 1910. Plasse was not found, but the manager, Charles H. Brooks, was arrested.

Plasse was then in British Columbia. He returned some time later and surrendered. He, Brooks and Traphagen, the treasurer of the company, were indicted at the instance of the postoffice department on the charge of using the mails in a scheme to defraud.

At their trial many women witnesses testified they had been induced to buy shares in the company on the understanding that they were to receive 6 percent interest and that at any time they wished to surrender their stock it would be bought back by the company.

When they tried to have it redeemed, their testimony showed, they were put off from time to time with the excuse that the president of the concern was out of town and that nothing could be done in his absence.

CARGO OF COPPER COINS

Two Thousand Tons of Korean Money Sold to Americans For Junk

Boston, June 13.—Nearly 20,000 bags of old Korean copper coins forms an interesting shipment in the British tramp steamer Seneca, which arrived here with a cargo of Oriental stuffs. The coins, valued only as junk, are consigned to New York parties.

When the Japanese got control of the island the currency of Japan was introduced and the Korean coins became valueless. The coins were collected and it is understood that about 2000 tons of them have been sold for junk to American dealers. Transportation of the shipment on the Seneca cost \$7500.

ON CHARGE OF FORGERY

Melrose Man Arrested as Wife Is About to Be Placed in Grave

Melrose Mass., June 16.—Just as he was alighting from the carriage which had taken him from the funeral services for his wife to the grave where in she was to be buried, Howard B. Gurney, son-in-law of Mayor Moore of Melrose, was arrested on a charge of forgery.

The warrant charging him with the forging and uttering of a check for \$28 was issued at the instance of the Stoneham police on the complaint of Henry Millet, an upholsterer of Stoneham.

Coming as it did just as the funeral party had reached the grave, the arrest has upset the whole city.

Tax Collector a Suicide

Newmarket, N. H., June 14.—George O. Hodgdon, aged 63, town tax collector and a former member of the New Hampshire house of representatives, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor at his home last night. Friends say that family troubles were responsible for the act.

Two New Textile Mills

Providence, June 13.—The Rhode Island textile industry will soon be substantially increased by the addition of new mills, one in Cranston and another in Pawtucket.

Rifle Champion Bogardus Dead

Springfield, Mo., June 15.—C. A. Bogardus, for years the world's champion rifle shot, died at his home here.

Elizabethan Service Brings \$57,500 London, June 15.—In a sale of old silver at Christie's an Elizabethan banqueting service brought \$57,500.

that is the place to get it and if your paper does not publish my forecasts you should subscribe for one that does. During the next twelve months I expect to advance my forecasts rapidly in efficiency. I now have all the elements for making forecasts and a little more experience will add very much to their value. Here-to-for I have relied on monthly rainfall records. I am now beginning to use the daily rainfall records and will be much better able to say what time in the month and also in what month the rains will fall or the drouth will be most severe or the drouth will be broken and the hot and cold waves will come.

On the plains within 200 miles east of the Rockies lie the finest wheat lands the world ever saw. The only defect is in rainfall. Those lands will produce well about one-third of the time and when they do produce their best yields, there is no surer and quicker way to make fortunes. It is better than the richest gold mines on earth. I now believe that the years of plenty on those plains can be foretold.

That great wheat belt stretches 1400 miles northward from New Mexico and Texas to the northern parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan in a strip 200 miles wide and covering nearly 300,000 square miles. Those vastly rich wheat lands produce best when the lower valleys at the right time of year to make good wheat they have drouth on the highlands of the plains. The reverse of this is also true.

I am confident that I could, by doing a lot of hard mathematical work on the rainfall records, select four years out of which three great wheat years would be assured for those plains states.

That method would bring immensely rich returns and save great losses that come in the drouth years. But I have not the means to support me in such an undertaking. The Carnegie millions are being used up to discover new and far away clusters of stars while no one comes to the support of the great possibilities referred to above.

Weekly Almanac.

JUNE 1911		STANDARD TIME	
		Moon	High water
17 Sat	4 7 21	11 52	11 48
18 Sun	4 7 21	11 55	12 17
19 Mon	4 7 21	11 55	12 43
20 Tues	4 7 21	11 55	1 13
21 Wed	4 7 21	11 55	1 43
22 Thurs	4 7 21	11 55	2 13
23 Frid	4 7 21	11 55	2 43
New Moon, 24th day, 8 a. m., morning			
First Quarter 28th day, 5 p. m., evening			
Full Moon 1st day, 4 a. m., evening			
Last Quarter, 15th day, 11 a. m., evening			

Deaths.

In this city, June 12, at the residence of her parents, 20 Essex street, Dorothy Anna, daughter of Joseph and Hilda Sport, aged 76 days.
In this city, 12th inst., at her residence, 42 Washington street, Margaret, widow of Patrick Berlin, aged 88 years.
In this city, 13th inst., at his residence, 653 Thames street, Arthur Hunter, age 83 years. Native of the Isle of Wight, England.
In this city, 15th inst., Geo. W. Flagg, in the 81th year of his age.
In Warren, 10th inst., William H. Babcock, in his 71st year.
In Wickford, 10th inst., Eliza M., widow of George H. Cole, in her 84th year.
In Providence, 12th inst., Isabelle M., widow of Charles E. Basson, in her 64th year.
In Providence, 12th inst., Margaret A., wife of William H. Day, in her 43rd year.
In Providence, 12th inst., Dr. James E. Power.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

(Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to)

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
131 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.
Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1858 and is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places.

NERVE GIVES WAY AT LAST

Taylor Weakens and Confesses to Killing Wife

ASKED HER TO GO HUNTING

She Compiles and Back of Her Head a Blown Off Shortly After She Leaves Their Home—Body Tumbled Into Rough Sepulchre and Slayer Coolly Returns to House and Prepares Evening Meal

Farmington, Me., June 13.—With tears streaming down his bronzed and furrowed cheeks, Marshall Taylor of Freeman, held in the county jail since the finding of his wife's body in a forest grave Sunday, near the Taylor home, confessed that he murdered her with a shotgun on the evening of May 12.

In the next breath he told County Attorney Blanchard and Sheriff Small that the motive for his crime was his great hate for the woman who for a number of years had been his wife.

Taylor told the county officials how he led his wife to the grave that was already prepared for her reception, and there, just as the sun was sinking behind the great pines to the west, shot the back of her head off with a heavy load of shot.

It was only after an hour's grilling that the officials were able to break the nerve of the man who looked Sunday on the mangled remains of his wife without the quiver of an eyelash. But when the confession came it came with a rush.

Simple though the words were, they were intensely dramatic as Taylor poured them out in a full confession of his crime.

He told the officers that he hated the woman and had hated her for years. He intimated that she had tried to keep property from him that should have been his by right and that she was anything but a loving companion and helpmate. Finally, he said, he decided that she must die.

On the evening of May 12 Taylor asked his wife to accompany him to the woods at the rear of their home to hunt. She agreed. Taylor took with him his shotgun. The couple walked across the clearing back of the house and had taken only a few steps through the trees, when he told her to go ahead of him on some pretext, and holding his shotgun close to the back of his wife's head he fired.

The skull was shattered and Mrs. Taylor fell without a word, her husband said. Taylor declared that he fired only one shot, and that he did not club his wife over the head after she fell. The fact that the entire back of the woman's head was missing when the body was discovered had led the authorities to believe that the skull must have been beaten away by some heavy instrument.

Immediately he saw his wife was dead, Taylor said he set about hiding the body. The place where she fell was within a few feet of the grave he had dug for her.

Into this rough sepulchre he tumbled the bleeding body and then hurried to pile dirt, boughs and stones on the remains. Still cool and unmoved by his terrible deed Taylor returned to the house, where he set about preparing his evening repast, as though nothing had happened.

Seldom has the old jail office to this town seen a more dramatic scene than that enacted there yesterday afternoon. Taylor is bronzed and dressed in the fashion of the Maine guides, his hair falling low about his head in ringlets. For some time after Blanchard and Small commenced the third degree the man gave evasive answers.

But after a time the rapid fire questions seemed to have an effect on him and finally he burst into tears and said that he would tell all.

Whether or not he admitted he was sorry for the crime he had committed the officers refuse to say. Miss Guida Searies, who had been Taylor's housekeeper since the murder of his wife, and who has been held as a witness, will be detained at the county jail, although Blanchard said that he believes she is not implicated in the matter in any manner.

Miss Searies, who figured some years ago in a sensational court case that resulted in her being sent to jail for a term of months, has taken the matter very coolly and willingly posed for her photograph.

HELD ON MURDER CHARGE

Taylor Will Appear Before Maine High Court in September

Farmington, Me., June 14.—Marshall Taylor was held for the September term of the supreme court on the charge of murdering his wife on May 12 by blowing the back of her head off with a shotgun. Taylor entered a plea of not guilty.

Following the holding of Taylor Miss Searies, his housekeeper, was permitted to go on her own recognizance in the sum of \$1000 for her appearance at the September term of court.

Texas Town Swept by Fire

White Wright, Tex., June 14.—The greater part of this town was destroyed by fire. Forty-three business houses and twenty-seven residences were wiped out and a large number of others badly damaged. There was no loss of life. The loss is more than \$300,000.

HOLD-UP MEN FOILED

Money They Expected to Get Was Delayed by Express Train

Flymouth, N. H., June 16.—Two armed men who held up Mrs. Alice Head, the bookkeeper in the office of the W. D. Veazey Lumber company at West Thornton yesterday afternoon, while a large crew of men were working in the yard nearby, missed getting \$2000 by a few minutes, and in trying to get away one of them was shot in the leg and captured.

The second man escaped into the woods with a number of lumbermen and deputy sheriffs close on his trail. The robbery was planned and carried out with great boldness.

Yesterday was pay day at the camp and \$2000 had been shipped from Flymouth by express to the lumber company. For some reason the express was delayed slightly, but the robbers were not aware of this, and thus failed in their plans.

UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED

State Asked to Reimburse Man Who Served Eleven Years in Prison

Boston, June 16.—Representative Foss of Newburyport introduced a petition in the house of representatives asking legislation to allow a just and reasonable sum, not to exceed \$10,000, as compensation to John H. Chance for his unjust imprisonment in the Charlestown state prison for over eleven years.

Chance was recently pardoned by Governor Foss on the ground that he was "absolutely innocent of the charge of murder in the second degree on which he was convicted."

The petition was referred to the committee on rules with a view to bringing it before this session of the legislature by a suspension of the rules.

WOMEN OF CHICAGO WARNED BY POLICE

Dangerous to Go Out at Night Without an Escort

Chicago, June 14.—Conditions have become so bad in Chicago that Chief of Police McWeeny has ordered police escorts for women out at night.

"A woman who goes out at night without an escort is in a very bad way. If she does so without necessity she needs an escort to see that she gets home safely," said the chief.

"When a woman through necessity must be out in an emergency she must be protected. If they cannot get other escort and really have any business on the streets the police will see that they get home safely. Just let them call up the nearest station."

BANK CASHIER A SUICIDE

Assistant Is Held For Alleged Complicity in Misappropriation

Tarboro, N. C., June 16.—Cashier Luther V. Hart of the Bank of Tarboro is a suicide and Assistant Cashier E. B. Hunsley is in jail, charged with complicity in the misappropriation of \$50,000 in bank funds as a result of a visit to the bank by State Bank Examiner Doughton. Hart was recently involved in numerous business transactions.

The bank was placed in charge of state officials, who immediately closed its doors pending further investigation. Its deposits aggregated more than \$200,000. Hart was 35 years of age.

SPLEEN VALUED AT \$17,500

Railroad Must Pay Man Who Lost That Part of His Anatomy

Boston, June 15.—Edward Chapman of Boston was awarded an unusually large verdict in an accident case. The jury in the fourth session yesterday afternoon returned a verdict of \$17,500 against the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad.

Chapman was a passenger on one of the cars of the railroad and was injured in a collision beneath the South Boston bridge, about three years ago. He was so seriously injured internally that his spleen had to be removed on the night of the accident.

PAID \$26,250,000

Bay State Fourth in Life Insurance Payments During 1910

Boston, June 14.—Massachusetts has been accorded third place in the list of states classified according to the amounts paid by life insurance companies during the year 1910, according to the review issued by the Life Insurance Press, which gives this state credit for \$26,250,000.

The payments on claims made in the United States and Canada amounted to \$381,440,000, and the estimated amounts paid in premiums to the companies in both countries during the year was \$182,000,000.

RAILROAD IS RESPONSIBLE

Must Account For Passenger's Loss of Property Valued at \$1500

Albany, June 14.—The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad company, as lessee of the Boston and Albany Railroad company, was held responsible by the court of appeals for the loss of property valued at \$1500 from the suit case of Mrs. Julia M. Hasbrouck at Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Hasbrouck claimed that jewelry and two \$10 bills were taken from her suit case while in the possession of a trainman who carried the case from the train to the station steps in Worcester.

AIRSHIPS SOAR OVER BOSTON

Sensational Performances by Two Local Birdmen

MESSAGES TO NEWSPAPERS

Dropped by Ovington in His Flight

From Waltham and Return, Daring Which He Circles State House and Governor's Island—Atwood Also Makes Remarkable Flight Absolutely Without Prearrangement

Boston, June 15.—From the roofs and streets of Boston yesterday several hundred thousand people witnessed two of the greatest over-city airplane flights ever made.

Earle L. Ovington, the young New York aviator, in a Gnome-driven biplane, covered almost thirty-three miles, flying from the Waltham aviation field over the city, dropping letters to the different newspapers, and to Mayor Fitzgerald, circling over Boston harbor and returning to the field in twenty-eight minutes and twenty-nine seconds.

Harry N. Atwood, the young Wright flier, who was engaged for the Waltham meet at the last minute, absolutely without prearrangement flew in his Burgess-Wright biplane from Squantum field to Waltham over the city, circling three times about the common and state house, and arriving at the Metz field in Waltham fifteen minutes after leaving the ground at Squantum.

Roofs in Boston and Cambridge were black with people. The streets were blocked in Boston by the thousands who, with upturned faces, watched two local birdmen surpass anything ever before attempted by any flier in this part of the country.

No aviator, foreign or American, at the Squantum meet of a year ago, dared attempt such flights, and the Grahame-White "Light" flight, which was originally intended to be an over-city flight, but was changed to one over the water by Grahame-White himself, was completely overshadowed. In one day all of the Squantum feats were outdone.

Atwood's flight from Squantum to Waltham was remarkable alone for the fact that yesterday morning he performed the wonderful feat of flying forty-five miles over Boston's suburbs with a passenger. Accompanied by Dr. Reynolds of Amherst college, he flew from Squantum inland over Roxbury and Dorchester, alighting in Franklin field for gasoline.

The flight was resumed at Dorchester and extended over Milton and the Blue Hill section. The machine was fifty-five minutes in the air at one time.

Atwood had hardly arrived at the Waltham field yesterday evening when he arose again with Ovington as a passenger, remaining in the air, dipping and circling more than seven minutes.

Mrs. Adelaide Ovington, the wife of the aviator, although she had never been in an aeroplane before in her life, went up with Atwood as a passenger. He circled about the field four times with her, remaining in the air seven minutes and twenty-four seconds.

In the presence of more than 8000 people at 3:17 o'clock, according to the watches of the official timers, which differed slightly from the watch in his machine, Ovington soared aloft from the Waltham field and after turning once for altitude, started off on his over-city flight, the machine looking for all the world like a giant fly in the sunlight.

With him he carried a package of letters, one for each of the Boston newspapers and two for Mayor Fitzgerald, one of which was from himself and one from Mayor Walker of Waltham.

The crowd at the field cheered him until he was out of sight. His flight extended over the Newtons, Cambridge, part of Brookline, to Boston proper, and then reaching from the mouth of the Charles out over the harbor. He circled Governor's Island after he had dropped his letters into the streets.

From the beginning of the flight until he dropped his letters he maintained an altitude of about 3600 feet, but when about over the heart of the city he descended to about 2500 feet from the roof tops and threw out the letters.

People on ferries, steamers and yachts saw him plainly as he circled Governor's Island and started on the return. He averaged seventy miles an hour.

DIRECT VOTE IS PASSED

Senate Approves Amendment to Constitution by Good Majority

Washington, June 13.—The senate last night by a vote of 64 to 24 adopted the resolution amending the constitution to provide for election of senators by direct popular vote.

The Bristow amendment, giving to the federal government supervision of such elections, was adopted, 45 to 44, the vice president casting the deciding vote. The house has already adopted the resolution.

Senator Reed of Missouri protested against the vice president casting the deciding vote. An amendment by Senator Bacon, qualifying the Bristow amendment to prohibit federal supervision of elections unless a state legislature refuses or fails to act, was defeated, 45 to 43.

EARLE L. OVINGTON.

Daring Young Aviator Who is Making Flights in the East.



THREE SAILORS ACCUSED

Prosecution Not Certain Which One Killed Barge Captain

Boston, June 15.—The three members of the crew of the coal barge *Glendower*, William De Graaf, Antonio Priskich and William Nelson, were arraigned before United States Commissioner Hayes on the charge that they murdered Captain Charles D. Wyman while he slept on the barge last Friday.

B. M. Sullivan, assistant district attorney, who has charge of the prosecution of the men, said that he was not ready for the case to go on, and an adjournment was taken until June 27.

Captain Wyman was murdered on the high seas, and thus the case comes within the province of the federal courts. Sullivan is certain that one of the three men killed the captain, but he can't find out which one it was.

ESCAPE FROM PRISON SHIP

Three Long-Term Men Make a Clean Get-Away From the Southerly

Portsmouth, N. H., June 14.—Three prisoners confined aboard the prison ship *Southerly* at the navy yard escaped by swimming a half-mile to shore in their night clothes after sawing through the bars from their cell and jumping through a gun port.

It was the most daring escape at the yard since the prison ship has been stationed here. The men are Leo Schultz, Charles A. Dennis and Lafayette Warner, all serving long sentences for desertion.

The officers at the yard are aroused over the daring escape. At the time the men swam to the Kittery shore a fast tide was running and the water was very rough.

GIRLS' BAIL REDUCED

Bonds For Stokes' Assaultants Drops From \$25,000 to \$15,000 Each

New York, June 15.—Ethel Conrad and Lillian Graham, the two girls who shot Millicentre W. E. D. Stokes in their apartments at 235 West Eightieth street, had their bail reduced when arraigned in the West Side court, from the original \$25,000 to \$15,000 each. Further hearings in the case were put off until Friday at 2 p. m., when an appeal for additional reduction of bail will be made.

Stokes is firmly convinced a man suggested the holdup, according to information obtained yesterday.

BREAD TRUST INVADERS HUB

Two Bakeries, Employing Six Hundred Hands, Are Absorbed

Boston, June 15.—Two of the largest bakeries of the city—the J. G. and B. S. Ferguson company and the George G. Fox company—turn their properties over to John W. Gates' \$30,000,000 bread combine at the end of this week. It is the first invasion of Boston by the baking trust.

The two Boston concerns turn out 100,000 loaves of bread a day and about 50,000 pies and cakes. They employ about 600 hands. The new concern will be known as the General Baking company, which is a subsidiary company of the National Bread company, otherwise known as the bread trust.

Lewis Confirmed by Senate

Washington, June 15.—After a fight waged by southern senators for more than two months, the senate confirmed William H. Lewis, the Boston negro attorney, to be assistant attorney general of the United States.

Stokes Out of Danger

New York, June 15.—W. E. D. Stokes, who was shot by Ethel Conrad and Lillian Graham in their apartments on June 7, was discharged from the Roosevelt hospital, out of danger.

Battleship Maine in Commission

Portsmouth, N. H., June 16.—The battleship *Maine*, which has been practically rebuilt at this navy yard, has been placed in commission. Captain Frank M. Kellogg is the commanding officer.

Betsey Ross Tablet Unveiled

Philadelphia, June 15.—A tablet in memory of Betsey Ross, maker of the first American flag, was unveiled at the Flag House, 239 Arch street, where the first flag was made 134 years ago.

Financial Standing

It benefits one's financial standing to have a Checking Account with the Newport Trust Company. It assures Safety and establishes Good Credit. These are important items to every business man and firm. Your account subject to check is cordially invited.

Newport Trust Company

303 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

Going Out of Business.

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

Stock and Fixtures For Sale.

EVERYTHING IN THE LINE AT A BARGAIN
As we intend to sell out the entire stock at a sacrifice.

NOTICE.

Having received assurances of the hearty support and cheerful co-operation of my patrons in the half holiday movement, I will close my store at 12 o'clock every THURSDAY during the summer beginning June 1st.

S. S. THOMPSON,
172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY
Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REPRAXIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. REATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, or if the time have attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at South & Co's are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Gentle prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.
1-77 5:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

WANTED

Successful boarding house-keeper for hire or manage successful country hotel. Why not organize a suicide club?—Megendorfer Blatter.

10-17 Westfield, N. J.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

The Art of Making Them Resemble Their Human Patterns.

MATCH IN SHAPE AND COLOR.

They Fit the Eye Socket Perfectly and May Even Be Worn During Sleeping Hours—Made of Glass, For Which No Substitute Has Yet Been Found.

Germany leads all other countries in the manufacture of artificial eyes. The American consul general at Coburg relates that probably ever since the beginning of the world civilized people have endeavored to hide or remedy any flaw in their appearance, such as the loss of an eye would cause. How this was done by the various nations it is hard to say. Up to the present time no discoveries have been made that would offer enlightenment on this subject. There are, it is true, a few unauthenticated accounts as far back as the middle ages, but the first reliable report is given by the French surgeon Ambroise Pare in 1550. Two kinds of artificial eyes were known to him, the eklepharos and the hypoblepharos. The eklepharos was made by painting the eye and all surrounding parts as far as the brows on a plate, which was placed in front of the eye socket and held in position by a string tied over the head. The hypoblepharos was used in a manner similar to that of today, being put behind the eyelid, in the eye socket itself, and was composed of a metal shell of copper, silver or gold, covered with enamel and glass fusions.

It was only in the close of the eighteenth century that these artificial eyes really became of practical use, it being then found possible to do away with the metal shell altogether and employ enamel and glass. The material used was a soft lead glass, easily shaped, but also easily destructible, and an eye had to be renewed every three or four months to prevent the socket from becoming affected.

It is known that in the middle of the nineteenth century eyes were made by enamellers in Dresden, Prague, London and Stockholm, and in Thuringia. The Thuringian makers were not enamellers, but glassblowers working in connection with the porcelain painting industry, whose endless and untiring experiment resulted in the discovery of an ideal material, cryolite glass, the use of which led to a new technique in eye manufacture. Moreover, there can now be produced all the characteristics of the human eye which had been possible in enamel work. The new prosthetic eye received the name "reform eye." To be of value, however, it must be made to exactly fit the eye socket.

Today it is possible to give to the reform eye any form and color desired, and in most cases it can be even worn at night, thereby preventing the lid from sinking into the socket and the lashes from sticking together. At times attempts have been made to replace the breakable glass by vulcanite or celluloid, but such efforts have long since been given up as useless.

In 1852 the method used in France for making eyes was as follows: On the broadly pressed end of a small, colorless, transparent rod of enamel the pupil was first made, and the iris was then formed on this by means of a small, thin pointed, colored enameled rod, the designing of the iris being made possible by melting the point of this rod.

In Paris the good eyes are now so made. A glass tube, closed at one end and of the color of the sclerotic, is next blown into the form of an oval, and in the middle of this a hole is melted, the edges of which are rounded off evenly and pressed a little outward. The iris is then placed in this opening and well melted in. A thick coating of glass remains behind. The eye is rounded off, the projecting rim of the white coat is smoothed with a metal rod, and this coat is thereby joined to the sclerotic. By means of a thin, pointed red rod the blood vessels to be seen on the hard coat of the human eye are then melted in. The superfluous back part of the eyeball is melted off, thereby giving to the eye the desired form. The eye is finally placed on hot sand, where it becomes gradually cooled off.

Glass eyes are made in quite a different manner in Lamscha, the center of this industry in Germany, where their manufacture is altogether a house industry. The eyes are usually made by one member of a family, and the art is handed down from one generation to another. A gas flame is used for melting the glass. A small drop of white glass is put on the white blown ball from which the sclerotic is to be made and is then blown so as to make a circle about eight millimeters (0.315 inch) in diameter. On this circle the structure of the iris is built by means of variously colored glass rods. A drop of black glass makes the pupil. Over the finished iris crystal glass is melted in order to imitate the cornea. The further manufacture is similar to that given in the first description.

Flannagan's Way.

Cassidy—Flannagan's thinking of going into the haulin' business. He bought a feline new cart today. Casey—But shure he has no horse. Flannagan—No, but he's goin' to buy wan. Casey—Well, that's lakke Flannagan. He always did get the cart before the horse.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Unfulfilled Ambition.

We confess to a long unfulfilled ambition, and that is to be able to appear in a new suit or hat and not have everybody in the office comment on it.—Atlantic Journal.

A Well Pleased Man.

"Why don't you get married, color?" "I am not so cruel. It would make one happy and a hundred unhappy."—Fleegende Blätter.

ESKIMO FAMILY LIFE.

A Glimpse of the Home When White Guests Are Present.

The usual sights on entering an Eskimo habitation are: On the way opposite you a steamer-like berth covered with skins—the sleeping quarters of the family; underneath, or in front, sit one or two women, busily sewing; to the right, a man making hunting gear. Never will you find an Eskimo family idle. All occupants are naked to the waist, sometimes only covered with a loin cloth. Along the wall on either side burn several lamps. These lamps are shallow soapstone basins filled with the oil of the seal, whale or walrus; along the edge is placed a little ridge of moss, which answers the purpose of the wick in our lamps. The lamps do not smoke, and, besides illuminating, throw a great heat. Above the flame hangs a piece of blubber, to replenish the oil, also a tea-kettle.

You are cordially invited to take off your things and stay awhile. This means disrobing to the same extent, for the air is foul and the temperature that of a Turkish bath. If you come during meal time, which is at any hour of the day, you are cordially invited to partake; you decline and no offense is given. If the meal consists of frozen fish, blubber or something they know the white man abhors, some joker will especially entreat you to join his dish and then there is a great laugh all around. The Eskimo loves to laugh, play practical jokes on his friends, respond in witicism, and is of a happy, childlike disposition. Trenchery, stealing and lying are practically unknown among them, the two latter only since some of them have imitated the white man. I am not including the Siberian, Greenland or Labrador Eskimo.—Captain F. E. Kleinschmidt in Pacific Monthly.

ILLICIT DIAMOND BUYING.

Dodges the Traders' Worked in Kimberley's Early Days.

There are as many stories of I. D. B.—I. e., illicit diamond buying—in South Africa as there were of smuggling in England a century ago. Louis Cohen tells of some of the dodges in his "Reminiscences" of Kimberley's early days. "Dogs were enlisted in the traffic and used as carriers. Often the poor animals were first kept without food until they were on the verge of starvation and then given lumps of meat containing diamonds, which they hoisted. Safely arrived at Christiana, across the Vaal river, the faithful dumb friends of man were immediately rewarded for their services by having their stomachs ripped up and the imbedded baubles taken out. Horses, too, were utilized, being fed with balls of meat containing diamonds and driven across the river under the very noses of the police. Carrier pigeons were requisitioned to fly through the air with the greatest of ease laden with the brigands' booty. Hollowed heels inclosing diamonds sealed down with wax were also expedients employed with decided and profitable success."

One lady had an ingenious way of getting out of a scrape. She was cooking dinner when a Cape boy knocked at the door and sold a forty carat diamond to her husband. "It was a trap," a detective immediately rushed in to arrest the buyer, searched the house, but no diamond could be found. The good wife had placed it in the stuffing of a goose she was basting."

The Use of Esquire.

The recovery of a letter which had been sent to a little town in Germany and never delivered to the person addressed cured the writer of the custom of adding "esquire" to a name on the superscription of mail matter. The letter in question would probably have been promptly delivered had the address read simply "Mr. John Brown." But the sender had addressed it "John Brown Esquire," and the communication rested comfortably in the "E" compartment of the post restante department, waiting to be called for by "Mr. Esquire." One of the popular guide books warns against the use of "Esq.," saying that it might be mistaken for a name.

Real Leghorns.

Little Willie was taken out into the country on a bright spring day. As he played with his sister in the farmyard a group of Leghorn chickens approached, led by a Leghorn rooster. "Willie," said the little girl, "why are those chickens called Leghorns?" "Look at their ankles," Willie replied. "Don't you see the little horns on them?"

Very Much Alike.

The late Frank Work once defined humorously the difference between a curbstone broker and a legitimate broker with a seat on the stock exchange.

"It is much the same difference," he said, "as the one between an alligator and a crocodile."—Buffalo Express.

The Shakespearean Sonnets.

There are many excellent reasons for thinking that Shakespeare did not write all of the sonnets that have come down to us associated with his name. It is a fact that he never published them, never claimed their authorship, never acknowledged them, and never, so far as can be ascertained, gave his consent or authority to have them published in his name. Some of the sonnets imply in their author certain physical defects, pecuniary embarrassments and other things which could not have applied to Shakespeare, but which might very well have fitted Marlowe, or William Herbert, or Henry Wriothesley, or any one of a half dozen other young men in Shakespeare's circle. It is as good as settled that several, if not many, of the sonnets were written by other hands than those of the author of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," though, of course, the task of naming the real authors is an impossible one.—New York American.

THE WHITE PERIL.

Consumption Must Be Prevented Rather Than Cured.

STAMP OUT THE INFECTION.

Unless the Germs of the Disease in the Habitation, Whether It Be House or Tent, Are Utterly Destroyed Fresh Air and "Cures" Avail Little.

There is no cure for tuberculosis, and probably never will be, accepting the word "cure" in the sense of some special medicine. A disease prevented is better than cured, for no one is so well off physically or financially after any illness, and particularly does this truth apply to tuberculosis. The successful prevention of a disease does away with any need for its "cure." This is well exemplified in the case of yellow fever. We have never succeeded in finding a cure for that former scourge of the south, but we have done far better. We have wiped out the disease bodily, bag and baggage, by simple preventive methods.

So, writes Dr. F. C. Walsh in the Technical World Magazine, and he declares that notwithstanding the "optimists," the disease is on the increase. He singles out and lays great stress on the fact that consumption is a contagious disease and on the contention that it is not contracted to any great extent through infected milk or even by the using the drinking cups that consumptives use or through the "spitting nuisance." Its spread is through the infection of the habitation. Here is one of his parables:

Brown had moved in the month of May into a house in another part of the town where he had always lived. By fall he had contracted tuberculosis. It was discovered later that several different families who had occupied this same house in succession had lost several members from tuberculosis. No attempt had ever been made to disinfect the house. Brown went to a far western state, pitched his tent on a certain spot, and never made any change from that spot until his death. Note that fact. As a result the soil over which he slept might after night become saturated with the accumulated germs which he expelled in coughing, so that he was continually at night re-breathing into his system the very "seeds" which caused the disease. He was re-poisoning himself nightly and didn't know it. His system would have been able to throw off the original "germ poison" which it contracted, but it was not strong enough to withstand a new dose of the poison every night. Had he changed the location of his tent daily he could have slept each night in an atmosphere practically germ free.

Jones is another victim. He goes to the same state. He has an idea that he can get along without any tent and sleeps with only the stars above, rolled up in his blanket. He naturally moves from place to place, each day sleeping on new and different ground each night. He ends by being cured.

Smith has the disease and goes to the west. He feels and looks in perfect health long before a year is gone. He returns home, satisfied that he is cured. In less than four months he is again in the tenacious clutches of the disease.

There is a lesson in this. The open air treatment is all right, but it must be carried out by right methods. All early cases of consumption which have failed to recover by outdoor treatment must lay the blame to faulty treatment. Jones, who recovered, you will remember, did change his location every day, having no tent to bother him, and in doing so avoided the fatal mistake of Brown.

How about Smith? The case of Smith is of the greatest importance. He had recovered, you will remember, and returned to his home feeling fine—back to what? To the very same plague ridden room in which he had first contracted the disease—a room reeking with tubercular germ life and which had been occupied. It was learned later, by five different consumptives at various times. The disease got a hold on him a second time for the simple reason that he came back to the original source of his disease. He should have sought new quarters, or else the house, and particularly the room he occupied, should have been disinfected before being occupied by him or any one else. These three cases cited are but typical instances. There are thousands upon thousands of Browns, Joneses and Smiths living and dying this very day whose story, if told in its true light, would match exactly the simple but pathetic history of these three men.

The thing that the doctor brings out is that consumption must be prevented rather than cured; that prevention is easy and cheap and lies in disinfection. This, in the case of the consumptive's quarters, he insists, should be at least once a week. The formula is simple: "Fumigate every room in the house with a vapor given off by heating formaldehyde; wash all the floors, windows and woodwork with mild solutions of corrosive sublimate and water." Fresh air, either at home or elsewhere, he establishes, is in itself insufficient.

He reaches the conclusion that the very existence of the hope of a "cure" has been responsible for increase of the disease. He urges people to flee from consumption by killing it in the germ that lurks in house or ground.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.—Delaine.

An Unbiased Champion.

"Queer world, isn't it? See that chap over there, the one who is potting up the big boiler for individual drinking cups for public use?"

"Yes."

"He hasn't drunk a drop of water for seven years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE GHOST OF THE PAST.

It Rose Up to Taunt and Haunt the Poor Human Derelict.

The small crowd of grimy loafers lounged weakly in the little circle of light from the dimly flickering lamp about the door. Two or three of them were leaning against a many colored poster, almost unreadable in the gloom. The door swung open—it was never shut—and a dapper figure in a red jersey and peaked cap of the Salvation Army appeared with a cheery greeting:

"Come in, men; come in. Fine treat tonight; splendid gramophone; all the latest from the music hall. Come on in."

One by one they went. Comic songs and Sousa marches rang musically through the hall. Then the cheery voice was heard again:

"Now for some grand opera, gentlemen."

One living derelict who had subsided silently after his arrival from the public house roused himself at the words. "Opera—grand opera," he muttered hazily.

The familiar whirr of the gramophone began again, and then a voice from the aluminum horn announced, "Song from 'I Pagliacci,' by Pompey Carlyle, the famous tenor of grand opera." As the name of the singer was announced the ragged wraith stiffened upright where he sat. Then as the first notes rang out his face held all the agony of a lost soul. Straight to his feet he bounded; then, with a cry, "Stop it, for heaven's sake stop it!" and with grimy hands pressed over his face he rushed from the hall, followed by a storm of abuse.

"What's the matter?" queried the commissioner.

"Queer bloke," answered another wraith, still gasping from an attack of coughing which had torn his frail body. "Sings outside pubs. Used to be in opera 'Isself. Boozed done it."

"What do you call him?"

"Pompey Carlyle."

"Heaven's, it was his own song he heard!"—London Tit-Bits.

TOBACCO CHEFS.

Experts That Make Sauces For Flavoring the Different Brands.

"I am a tobacco chef," said the saloon man. "I make the sauces that give us smoking or chewing tobacco as a food chef makes the sauces which give us sole Colbert or poulet creole."

"Take this dark, sweet, juicy plug of 'navy brown,' so popular among the more prosperous type of teamsters. Well, the flavor of this plug is due to a sauce made of sugar, licorice, whisky and honey."

"Here is a mild, cool pipe tobacco that college boys favor. Smell it. Very aromatic, eh? Well, it has been steeped in a sauce composed of the essential oils of citronella, bergamot and eucalyptus."

"But it is when you come to the high grade Havana cigar, the cigar that sells for 40 or 50 cents, that you see the tobacco chef at his best. He doesn't make his sauces then of such common ingredients as sugar, bergamot, licorice and so forth. No, he makes them of bacteria. The flavors of the high grade Havana tobaccos depend, you see, entirely on their ferments. Each tobacco undergoes a different fermentation, and here the chef comes in, applying the bacteria of years which cause these fermentations to the leaf."

"Yes, the tobacco chef of the highest type, the one who ferments Havana tobacco, handles the various breeds of bacteria as an ordinary chef handles pepper and salt, mustard and cloves and mace."—Buffalo Express.

Punishment After Death.

A negro, already under sentence of life imprisonment, was convicted of two charges of assault to murder. With great gravity the jury sentenced him to five years on each charge and ordered the prison officers to keep his corpse for ten years after he died. Perhaps a little theology entered the decision, the jury feeling as did the man found "hammering away at a snake after he had killed it and who explained by saying he believed in punishment after death.—Judge.

A Statesman's Queer Ambition.

The great Lord Grey had an ambition far above politics. He had passed the reform bill, but that did not satisfy his soul. There was talk of Taglioni, and Grey said quite earnestly, "What would I give to dance as well as she!"

The statesman who had been prime minister and had left an indelible mark on the history of his country was actually envious of an opera dancer!—London Globe.

Right Back at Her.

"Does your husband allow you to have things charged at the stores?" "Oh, I think he would, but—"

"But the stores wouldn't. Is that what you were going to add?"

"Oh, no. I was going to say that he gives me plenty of money with which to pay cash. Does yours?"—Buffalo Express.

Smoky Achill.

One of the smokiest places on earth is undoubtedly Achill, off the coast of Mayo, Ireland. A smoky atmosphere is not an unknown thing in any Irish cabin, but in Achill the greater smoke the higher the satisfaction of the natives, for there smoke means potatoes, and potatoes mean food. It is to one of the methods of procuring soot that the island owes the smoky condition of its cabin. Soot he must have or the potatoes will not grow. In the tiled fields he erects little huts, called "scrawbhogues," formed by "scraws," or sods, of heather from the mountains. Within these huts he keeps a fire of peat burning for six weeks or two months, at the end of which period the scraws are, from their continual impregnation with smoke, transformed into soot. Turf or peat is abundant on the island, and the large fires cost nothing.—Harper's Weekly.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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A Phillips Brooks Story.

In the Christian Endeavor World the Rev. Francis E. Clark writes of his attending Andover Theological seminary with John Cotton Brooks, brother of the famous Massachusetts bishop and rector, the Rev. Phillips Brooks. The writer says:

I recall one requiem which John Brooks subscribed to his brother Phillips. A famous but sensational Boston preacher, who soon afterward fell from his high estate, being a great sportsman and decidedly "bawdy," had written a much advertised book entitled "The Perfect Horse." "Yes," said Phillips Brooks, "The Perfect Horse" by the perfect ass." This was the only sentiment bordering on ill nature that I ever heard attributed to this most genial and kind hearted of men, and this could easily be forgiven when one remembers the skyrocket preacher of whom it was said.

The Earliest Cold Storage.

In Macaulay's essay on "Lord Bacon" he points out that in 1626 the subject of his memoir tried the experiment of stuffing a fowl with snow to prevent it from putrefying and in carrying out the work caught cold, from which he died. Macaulay adds: "In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that the experiment of the snow had succeeded excellently well." If, however, we turn to nature there are instances in Siberia of mammoths preserved in ice so that their flesh is still edible from a period probably coeval with the first appearance of man on this globe. If the Romans brought to their banquets the delicacies of the known world, had they not some knowledge of cold storage?—E. H. Hill in London Spectator.

Causa and Effect.

"There are many delightful dishes to be made from left over food." "That's nice," responded the young bride. "There's a great deal of food left over since I began doing the cooking."—Washington Herald.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Diana of Ephesus.

Ephesus was one of the twelve Ionic cities of Asia Minor and was situated in Lydia, near the mouth of the river Caystrus. According to Strabo, it was founded by Androclus, son of Codrus. It ultimately came into possession of the Romans, and in the time of Augustus it was the greatest place of trade of all the cities of Asia west of the Taurus. St. Paul resided there three years, but the destruction of its great temple by the Goths in 260 A. D. gave it a blow from which it never recovered. This was the famous temple of Diana. Near the western extremity of the town are still to be seen some massive structures, which have since 1868 been carefully excavated. It is now certain that these stand on the famous temple site.

A Famous Windmill.

Nantucket possesses what is believed to be the oldest windmill for grinding grain in actual operation in America. Nathan Wilbur, a Nantucket sailor, who had seen the busy windmills of Holland as he sailed abroad, built it out of timbers of wrecked ships in 1756. There has never been a day in all the 155 years since that time when the mill has not been busy. There is always a wind to turn its outstretched wings.

What He Would Pay to Hear. "Clemens," said a friend to Mark Twain some years ago, "wouldn't you like to go and hear Ingersoll on Moses this evening?"

"No," replied the humorist; "I wouldn't give 10 cents to hear Ingersoll on Moses, but I would give \$10 to hear Moses on Ingersoll."

A Triumph of Ratiocination.

Pamela saw the sword suspended by the hair. "Since it can't cut the hair, I judge your wife has been sharpening her pencil," he remarked to the king.—New York Sun.

The Poet's Spur.

"This is a great poem. You must have been thinking of something inspiring when you wrote it." "I was. I was thinking of the installment man."—Pittsburg Post.

A Glimpse of Blamark.
Lord Goochen was once asked to dinner by the German chancellor and described the occasion in his memoirs: "Blamark made an excellent dinner, but not so good as I expected. The fish course consisted of lampreys, and Blamark said that he had once, to his shame, eaten eighty-one at a sitting. Lord Odo, remembering the fate of a British king, asked if he had no reason to regret the feast. 'Yes,' he said, 'I do regret it. I have often regretted what I have eaten, but never what I have drunk.' But have you not been the worse for it? 'I did not say I had not been the worse for my potations. I said I had never regretted them.' He spoke in slow but good English and said a number of quaint and good things. Here is a very characteristic specimen: 'I rather envy you English statesmen the excitement of the house of commons. You have the pleasure of being able to call a man a damned infernal scoundrel. Now, I can't do that in diplomacy.'"

History of Smallpox.
That terrible disease, smallpox, appears to have been first described by Rhazes, an Arabian physician who lived about the year 900, but there is no reason to doubt that it has existed in the east from the remotest times. So far as we know, it never originated spontaneously, but is always produced by contact—mediate or immediate—with a person already affected by it. It appears to have been introduced in Europe in the times of the crusades and spread slowly into the more northern regions. In 1733 it appeared in Iceland, where it was so fatal that the country was almost depopulated by it. From Spain it was carried to Mexico, where it is said to have destroyed 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 people. It spread rapidly all over the new world, and whole villages and tribes of Indians were carried off by it.

Canton's City of the Dead.
In Canton, about eighty miles from Hongkong, there is a place known as the City of the Dead. There are 194 small houses, in each of which a corpse is lodged, at the rate of \$25 for the first three months and then at a reduced rate until the geomancers employed by the relatives of the dead person decide when and where the corpse shall be buried. Silks or paper lanterns and imitation fruit are hung from the roof; there are screens in each room between the door and the coffin; tea, fruit and any other kind of food which the dead person liked when on earth are placed on an altar before the coffin each morning. There are eunuch servants snuffing about to wait on him with pipes or cardboard cups of tea. There are also two handsome paper females placed there to guide his spirit on the way to heaven.

Saved by a Dream.
A farmer living at Luptford, England, dreamed three times in succession that he saw a pig dig in one of his fields and some of his property east into it. At the third time of dreaming he got up, dressed and went out. He heard the third of a snuffle and caught sight of a man digging by lantern light. The digger died at his approach. It was a grave upon which he had been at work. By its brink lay a large knife. On his way back the farmer met one of his milkmaids. She had had a quarrel with the man to whom she had been engaged, she said, but he had prevailed upon her to meet him for the last time at 2 o'clock that morning, when he had something to show her. "This is what he had to show you," said the farmer, leading her to the grave.—London Tatler.

To Get Along in Society.
If you don't know what to say to the girls, this little list will be a big help to you. Judiciously used, it will make you the most popular ladies' man on the floor:
"Haven't we met before? It seems as if I had known you all my life."
"Of course they call me a jollier, but you know I would not jolly you."
"May I have two dances? Thanks so much. I'll look forward to them all evening."
"Please wear that lavender dress when I come, you look just as if you had stepped out of a picture when you have that on."
"I have tickets for the theatre and I want you to see the show with me; I know I'll enjoy it more with you than with anyone else."
"I don't know why I'm telling you all these things about myself; I just talk nonsense to all the other girls, but I always feel inspired to better things when I am with you."—Exchange.

He Felt Safe.
In a town in Georgia there was an old preacher whose knowledge of the world was not wide nor deep, but who conceived it to be a place where, if one should trust his fellow men, he should at the same time keep an eye on his own interests.
One hot day he pulled off his coat and preached a vigorous sermon, under the pines, in his shirt-sleeves. At the close of the open-air service one of his admirers approached him and said respectfully:
"I don't suppose you know that the editor of one of the big New York papers was here when you pulled off your coat."
"I reckon I knew it well, for I'd been told of it," said the preacher, calmly. "I believe he's as bad as he might be, and anyway, I put my coat on the chair close by; and had it right under my eye all the time."—Youth's Companion.

A Competent Critic.
A famous actor at an elaborate entertainment at a Fifth avenue millionaire's palace in New York rose to recite Mrs. Browning's "Dead Pan." As he announced his subject and prepared to begin he heard a lady near him say distinctly:
"What is the next piece? Something funny, I hope. Oh, yes—'The Dead Pan.' Dear me, how odd. Of course it must be funny—something about bad cooking, I suppose."
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Delicate Generosity.
One of the many stories of Grant which grip the hearts and minds of the people was once told by General Simon B. Buckner at a meeting of Confederate veterans.
"Grant and I were chums at West Point," began General Buckner. "I had befriended him at one time, and it can justly be said of him that he never forgot a kindness. After the Union victories at Henry and Donelson I met Grant on the boat at the surrender and he followed me when I went to headquarters. He left the officers of his own army and followed me with that modest manner peculiar to him into the shadow and then tendered me his purse—pressed it into my hand without a word.
"It seemed to me," concluded General Buckner, "that in the the marvelous modesty of his nature he was afraid the light would witness that act of generosity and sought to hide it from the world, almost from his own soul."

The Dignity of the Office.
An Indian judge when first appointed to his position was not well acquainted with Hinduism and says the Bombay Gazette.
He was trying a case in which a Hindu was charged with stealing a nightgown. The judge did not like to betray his ignorance of what a nightgown was, so he said, "Produce the stolen property."
The court was held in an upper room, so the usher gasped, "Please, your lordship, it's downstairs."
"Then bring it up tastefully!" sternly ordered the judge.
The official departed, and a minute later a loud bumping was heard, mingled with loud and earnest exhortations. Nearer came the noise; the door was pushed open, and the panting official dragging appeared in the blue bull.
"The judge was dumfounded but only for an instant.
"Ah! That will do, said he, "It is always best, when possible, for the judge personally to inspect the stolen property. Remove the stolen property, usher."

Scotch Students.
Many a man who never had any "schooling" gets an education, and often a surprisingly good one.
A traveler in Scotland once met a farmer whose ground rent was about \$20 a year and who wrote poetry in Gaelic that was of a high order.
This same traveler met a youth in Scotland who rode from home on horseback to the airport and then across Scotland to Aberdeen, where he sold his horse to enter the university.
It is related of another Scotchman that he was overheard repeating a line of Tennyson, whereupon some one asked him what poet he like best.
"Homer," he replied.
"Whose translation do you read?"
"I rarely read a translation," he said, wiping the fat scales from his apron. "I like best to read Homer in the original Greek."—Milwaukee Tribune.

Reed's Definition of Fame.
The reform of the rules was a great achievement, pre-eminently the achievement of a statesman of high order, who looked before and after. The word "statesman," however, especially in connection with Mr. Reed himself, can not be used without at once recalling his famous definition. I happened to sit next to him in the house, and he showed me the letter asking him to define a statesman, and his reply:
"A statesman is a successful politician who is dead."
The epigram was published, flew over the country, and has become a familiar quotation. But the sequel is less well known. The correspondent who asked the question telegraphed as soon as he received the answer:
"Why don't you die and become a statesman?"
Mr. Reed handed me the telegram, and said: "Here is my answer: 'No. Fame is the last infirmity of noble minds.'"—Century.

The Dreadful Looking Person.
Rodin, the world famous French sculptor, has had a wonderful career, and like most men who have risen from obscurity to fame, he still preserves much of the simplicity of his early days. One day he was entertaining a few artists among them a German who had never before visited the sculptor. At dinner they were waited on by a particularly plain looking woman.
"I'm surprised," remarked the German during one of the woman's absences from the room, "that you should have such a very dreadful looking person about you. Why don't you get a nice, good looking young housekeeper?"
There was a sudden ghostly silence. Then Rodin smiled.
"I don't like to be waited on at meals by servants," he explained. "The dreadful looking person is my wife."

The Right Flavor.
The oxen had belonged to an old sea captain, and their new owner was unable to back the animals round in a narrow street despite all efforts with voice and ox goad.
The old captain appeared on the scene. "Hard aground, are ye?" he called. Then seizing the ox goad he raised the old boat steerer's cry. "Starboard all!" The huge hulks slowly backed at the familiar call. "Starboard all!" The beasts swung sideways, turned to the right, and the thing was done.—Success Magazine.

A Remarkable Shawl.
The empress of Russia was once presented with a shawl of a remarkable kind. It is contained in a box only a few inches square, in which it fits easily, yet when it is shaken out it is ten yards square. This notable gift was the work of some women weavers in Oranberg, southern Russia, by whom it was presented. The box containing it is of wood, with hinges, hoops and fastenings of beaten silver.
Why She Worried.
"But, mother, why do you object to my being pleasant to the young men? You can't hope to keep me with you always, you know. One of them will take me away from you some day."
"Take you away from me? Well, if that happens I shall not complain. It is the certainty that none of the young men who have been coming here so far would take you away that has worried both your father and me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

When Heroes Drink Their Last.
The proposal of the Dutch to erect at Zutphen a statue of Sir Philip Sydney recalls to the British world famous episode of the dying soldier with which his death is inseparably connected. It occurred when that valiant, on September 22, 1587, received his death wound before the walls of Zutphen. Paroled with thirst, he asked for a drink. As he was putting the bottle to his mouth his eyes fell upon a deeply wounded soldier, who, as he was being carried past, threw him longing glances, "which Sir Philip perceived," took the bottle from his lip before he drank and delivered it to the poor man with these words: "Thy necessity is greater than mine."
At the battle of Ravenna in 1512 when the allied Spanish and Papal forces were defeated by the renowned Gaston de Foix, Dunois, one of his captains, played a conspicuous part. After a gallant charge, by which he had driven back the enemy, he determined to publicly drink the health of his country's brave ally, Jacob von Emper, the leader of the 6000 German mercenaries. Wine was brought upon the field, and, having sat down, each hero filled his goblet. At that moment, while they were in the very act of pledging each other's health, a cannon ball from the enemy's lines killed them both.

Saw His Chance.
When all Westchester county was thrilling with the prospect of a railroad competition an agent of the new company that was to build went through Pelham Manor buying property for the right of way. He rang the doorbell of one resident, who was living in a rented house at \$50 a month.
"Will you take \$5,000 for this house?" demanded the agent.
"Oh, no, I couldn't," stammered the tenant.
"Will you take \$8,000?"
"I couldn't do it."
"Well, think it over."
Mr. Tenant foxily runs around to the owner of the property and gets an agreement to sell him the property for \$6,000 if he can raise the money. The railroad agent returns.
"Will you take \$9,000?"
"No."
"Ten?"
"Yes."
"Done!"
Oh, yes, there is such a thing as luck when a man has the wit to see it coming his way.—New York Press.

No Room for Him.
Several relics of exceptional value and of unusual interest to archaeologists were discovered in a small town near Nuremberg. Historical museum went to the village and as soon as the news reached him the director of the Nuremberg and introduced himself to the mayor, saying:
"I am in charge of the museum at Nuremberg, and I'd like to..."
"You're too late, my good sir," interrupted the mayor. "We've already got here several merry-go-rounds, a bearded woman, a theatrical company composed of apes, a troupe of trained dogs and a band of Hungarian musicians, so you can readily see that we've got no room for your museum."
And with these words he nodded to the director and went away.

Was Good Once.
A certain well known composer now in the full vigor of his established reputation was at one time when he was comparatively unknown engaged in writing the music for a production fathered by two managers who knew exactly what they wanted, in addition to knowing next to nothing of the musical classics. After having burned much midnight oil and worked himself into a state of semi-collapse in a vain endeavor to produce a finale which would please them the composer tore up the page after page of rejected manuscript and in despair took to the theater an entire section of "Faust" to which he had somehow managed to fit the words assigned to him. He played it over, and one of the managers said quite unfeelingly, "Well, Gus, the others were pretty bad, but this one is the rottenest of them all." "So?" remarked the weary musician dryly. "It was considered good when Gounod wrote it!"—Metropolitan Magazine.

The butcher's shop is not a pleasant spectacle today. But what must have been its condition in the middle ages? The names given of some of the byways of Newgate street afford some indication: Stinking lane, St. Nicholas' Shambles and Blowbladder street.
"There was a Butcher's bridge on the Thames side near Baynard's castle," writes H. B. Wheatley, "to which the old was brought from Newgate street through the streets and lanes of the city, by which grievous corruption and filth have been generated." The evil, in fact, was so great that a royal order was issued in 1380 for the removal of Butcher's bridge.—London Chronicle.

Representative William A. Cullop, a democrat, from Vincennes, Indiana, is one of the most outspoken men in the house. He is a short, stout man with a florid face and a prominent nose, of which he is proud. He was sitting in the restaurant of the Congress Hall hotel when another man, whom he did not know, sat down opposite him. In a few minutes Mr. Cullop became aware that the stranger was staring at him as if fascinated by something.
"I can tell you what you are looking at," growled Mr. Cullop.
The stranger, started out of his reverie, turned pink and was about to stammer something when the Indiana member continued:
"It's my nose you are looking at. I know it is large, but the reason is that I have kept it out of other people's business and given it a chance to grow."
The stranger rapidly finished his coffee and departed.

William Allen White says that during a severe drought that once afflicted the state of Kansas a visitor from the East was one day driving across the country in the direction of Topeka where he met a farmer hauling a wagon-load of water. A desultory conversation ensued between the two.
"Where do you get your water?" asked the man from the East.
"About seven miles up the road from here," was the reply.
"What?" exclaimed the stranger, "do you mean to say that you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"
"I shure do," answered the Kansan.
"But, man," expostulated the Easterner, "why in the name of common sense don't you dig a well?"
"Sanger," replied the farmer with a grin, "out this direction it's just as far one way as the other."

Crossed Wires.
Mrs. Brown, telephoning to a friend one morning, happened to say:
"I have such a bad sore throat, I'm afraid I cannot go to that dinner-party to-morrow night."
Just then something went wrong with the connection, and she heard a strange voice exclaim:
"Gargle your throat with cooking-soda, and I think you will be able to go to your dinner."
"Who is this speaking?" asked Mrs. Brown, startled.
"Oh, that you will never know," answered the voice.
Mrs. Brown was greatly amused and decided to try the remedy. Her throat improved, and she went to the party. During dinner, she chanced to overhear the gentleman opposite say to his neighbor:
"I had an amusing experience the other morning. I was telephoning, and the wires became crossed. I suddenly heard a lady's voice say: 'I have such a bad throat, I shan't be able to go to that dinner-party.' Just for fun I broke in and said: 'Gargle your throat with cooking-soda, and you'll be all right.' The lady's voice in reply sounded rather surprised. I wonder if she took my advice."
Mrs. Brown was greatly tempted to reveal her identity as the heroine of the episode, but she decided she could get more fun another way. She made careful inquiry of her hostess as to the gentleman's full name and address, and next morning called him up. When he answered, she said:
"I just wanted you to know that I took your advice, gargled my throat with cooking-soda, and was able to go to the dinner."
"Who—who is this speaking?" came an astonished voice from the other end of the wire.
"Oh, that you will never know," answered Mrs. Brown, laughing, and rang off.

London Club Etiquette.
The American duchess, followed by her motor, led Miss Goochen of Chicago to St. James' street.
"Oh, there's the duke!" cried Miss Goochen of Chicago as they passed Brooks club, but the duchess said hurriedly:
"Don't look at him, my dear, or he will cut you. Don't you understand club etiquette?"
"Not at all! It differs from other etiquette!"
"Well," said the duchess, "it differs altogether. The club, you see, originated in London. The club has been defined as the weapon wherewith the savage keeps the white woman at a distance. In club etiquette women are ignored. As you pass White's or the Carlton, the Junior Carlton or Brooks club, you will see your best friends, top hat pushed back and hands folded on stick, gazing solemnly at you from this window or that, but your best friends won't speak to you. It isn't club etiquette. And if you spoke to them it would be a worse faux pas than if you appeared at court under the influence of liquor."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Startled the Bishop.
One night at 8 o'clock the bishop of Orleans was aroused by a royal courier who had in his hand brought a dispatch from his majesty Louis XV. The bishop imagined that something terrible had happened. Tremblingly he opened the package and read:
"Monsieur le Bishop of Orleans—My daughters wish for some preserved Orleans olives. Pray send some. If you have none I beg that you will..."
In this part of the letter there was a drawing of a sedan chair, and underneath the chair the king's letter continued thus:
"Send immediately into your episcopal town and get them, and, monsieur le bishop, may God have you in his holy keeping, Louis."
Lower down on the page was this postscript:
"The sedan chair does not mean anything. It was drawn by my daughter on this sheet of paper, which I happened to find near me."
Greatly relieved, the bishop hurried a courier into Orleans procured the preserves and sent them to his royal master—Thomas E. Watson in "The Story of France."

A Phenomenon, Indeed!
Four-year-old Elmer and his family had just moved to the country, and Alice in Wonderland hadn't anything on Elmer in that land of green grass and wonderful creatures.
One of the first things to bid him welcome was a friendly old hen with a very new brood of "peep-peeps." And no Buddhist at his side could have been more assiduous in his devotion than was that city-bred baby to the strutting mother and her fluffy babies.
Now it happened that one day Elmer's father observed a cat, unattached and lanky, casting what he took to be a hungry eye at those tame chickens. Looking around for a harmless but effective missile, he discovered a bag of soup beans right at his hand, and thereby hangs idle tale. For a short time afterward little Elmer ran into the house with his face crimson with excitement.
"O, mamma!" he shouted. "Look at these little eggs I found in the grass! The peep-peeps laid them!"
And opening his hand, he disclosed a half dozen soup beans.

Changeless Waves.
Every fisherman has his fish story, every hunter his bear story, and every traveler his sea story. A certain public passage comments on the last type: "There was never a ship yet that did not have one person aboard who boasted eternally of the number of times he had crossed the Atlantic. Now it is 39 times, now it is 95 times. Every ship carries this one passenger, who seems to have devoted his whole life to making a record for Atlantic crossings.
I once heard a Detroit girl poke a little fun at a passenger of this type. He said to her:
"Do you know this is my 57th crossing?"
"Is it?" she said indifferently. "It is my 93th."
"Really?" the man exclaimed.
"Oh, yes, indeed," she exclaimed, yawning. "It's an old story to me, crossing the Atlantic now. Why, actually, I always recognize more than half the waves we meet."—Cosmopolitan.

The Fair Purchaser—Your eggs are all very small to-day, Mr. Jones.
Mr. Jones—Yes, they are. But I'm sure I don't know the reason.
The Fair Purchaser—Oh, I expect you took them out of the nests too soon.—Sketch.

Entertaining A Prejudice.
Of all the occupations known to men, entertaining a prejudice is the most absurd. Yet the practice is almost universal.
The prejudice is usually motivated. He comes to a party, removes his hat and coat, salutes up to the guest chamber, and prepares to become a permanent fixture of the establishment. You enter him royally, state him to your bosom, exhibit him proudly to every one, fight for him, defend him, and perpetuate him. Yet you do not even admit that he is present. "Entertain a prejudice?" you say, with becoming concern. "Never."
Birds of a feather flock together. If therefore happens that if there is one prejudice present, there are also others. They always come in unawares, and take their places slyly and unobtrusively. But oh, how they hang together in an argument!
A group of prejudices is inviolable. They have never been beaten.
The strange part of prejudices is that one would think they would prefer more commodious quarters. But no, the narrower the mind, the more content they are. They don't mind close quarters. The closer the better.
Prejudices are always busy. If they are not tampering with one's eyesight, they are screening the mind from the open; putting blinds on, and making it dark enough to sleep in comfortably.
A man can get fixated against almost anything else but prejudice. He can fence himself against fire and water and loss of life and accident and depreciation in his property. But there is no company so fortified that it would take the risk of securing against prejudice. And then no man would ever think of taking out any insurance against one, because he would never admit that he had it. The first thing he does is to make the man think he isn't there.
That is why prejudices, no matter how much damage they cause to character, are never evicted. They have come to stay.—Lippincott's.

Tecumseh's Missing Bust.
"Where is the bust of Tecumseh that used to be in a niche on the senate side of the capitol?" Richard Ligonier, a student of American history, asked recently.
"I know that years ago there was a fine bronze bust of an Indian, and the name, Tecumseh was on the pedestal, and as Tecumseh was about the most famous Indian chief of our school history books every American boy took more interest in surveying his features than in looking over the faces of eminent white men in the big building. I walked all over the building and saw footprints enough in paintings and statuary, also some live ones, but no Tecumseh. Then I hunted up my congressman, and he went through a guide book—no use. Then we questioned the guides. They had not heard of a Tecumseh bust, and most of them asked, 'What state was the senator from?'
"I was about to give it up. Then a somber sort of a chap with a silk hat and a red flower in his buttonhole relieved my anxiety. He explained what I had not thought of before, and that was the fact that Tecumseh was killed in battle wearing the uniform of a British general. He died fighting the American flag. Why should he be honored with a bust in the capitol?"
"And then I was told that the Tecumseh bust really had been in the capitol for many years until one day a wise senator, familiar with the history of his country, made a protest. That sent the Tecumseh bust to the cellar or to some museum here in town."—Washington Post.

Incapacitated.
"The fussy individual who always has a run-in with the waiter never fares any better than the rest of us who are satisfied to take things as they come," said the homeless bachelor. "I took breakfast with one of these fussers the other morning in a little cafe uptown that was new to both of us.
"All he wanted was a cup of coffee and a couple of boiled eggs. But you might have thought the universe depended upon those eggs. After having given the waiter minute instructions as to their preparation he sat with his watch in his hands.
"Finally the eggs came, and there was a lot more pow-wow. As he cracked the shell of one he turned to the waiter and said: 'Are you sure these eggs are positively fresh?'
And the waiter, who had watery eyes and a very red nose, replied with all seriousness: 'I really can't say, sir. I have a frightful cold in my head.'"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used millions of mothers for their children. When teething, if disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant to the taste and it will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no medicine so good. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by druggists and grocers throughout the world. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. The name and mark for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 103.

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The simplest and best regulator of the disordered liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, etc.; prevent and cure Constipation and Biliousness; soften and regulate the bowels; and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. Use with a glass of water. Price 25 cents.

Tale-bearers are just as bad as tale-makers.—Sheridan
Are free from all crabs and irritating matter Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

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Smart Weed and Belladonna, combined with the other ingredients used in the best poisons make Carter's S. W. S. Balm. Rub the plaster on the back. Price 25 cents.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

When Thieves.
Once, in the Valley of Bomawbee, there was a large and well organized band of thieves but they did not call themselves by that name, because it had become opprobrious. Instead, they assumed the more polite title "politicus."
Now, it was the habit of these politicians to prey upon the people in season and out of season, for there was no closed season. Not only that, but for a long time they made the people like it, as was proved by the fact that the people were wont to hold elections and appoint the swag and the perambulation among the most prominent. This swag they called by the euphemistic term "emoluments."
For many years they thus lived peacefully. The people were a simple folk, and seemed to be content. Indeed, they thought that civilization was impossible without politicians.
As time elapsed, however, the politicians became more greedy. In charging what the trade would bear, they waxed more and more overbearing. Not only that, but they fought among themselves ever more and more bitterly.
"It's well that they fight," said the poet. "When thieves fall out, honest men receive their due." And so the people rolled over on the other side and went to sleep again.
Things went on apace, but, in spite of their theories, the falling out of the thieves brought no relief to the honest men, for, though a number of honest men had apparently survived the pernicious influence of thief-rule, not one of them seemed to have any great amount of due in his possession.
At length a Wise Man, who, by the way, was neither a newspaper editor nor a preacher, came forward from one of the backward provinces of Somewhere. "Listen," said he, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could get along without any thieves at all? The devil is no better than the deep blue sea and vice versa. I have heard it said that when thieves fall out honest men receive their due. Now, the point I want to make is this: I am reliably informed that this falling-out is only a bluff. It is a sham battle arranged to conform to your theory. I got this from my son, who is engaged to a stenographer of one of the thieves. Now, look here! Thieves have too much sense to fall out. The way for us to get our due is to get rid of both sets of thieves."
And the people harkened, and the Wise Man's words listened good to them, whereupon they arose in all their democratic might and bade both sets of thieves begone.
Moral: When thieves seem to fall out, there's a lie on't.
—Ella O. Jones in November Lippincott's.

An Outrage on Washington.
All this talk about the hot weather and the wet weather and all other kind of evil weather that have afflicted Washington this past Summer being due to low barometric areas or cycloclonic points of high pressure, is purest clapnet," said a long-time resident of the District of Columbia, who was weather prophet for the people when the Weather Bureau was still in swaddling clothes. "The trouble is not meteoric; no, that's not right; meteorological, that's it; it's purely political."
"This is an election year—not only an election year, but one that is as full of pyrotechnic possibilities as a live wire in a powder mill. Every State has got something doubtful about it, also something inflammable."
"Now, the Administration is naturally doing everything it can to help out its party in the way of using political 'pulls' and 'drags,' and other such methods of persuasion, and it is digging down into the resources of the Weather Bureau to help out the districts where the vote is tight and the cry from Macedonia's most heart-rending. What is the head of that bureau doing? Why sending all the good weather that belongs to us to these same doubtful districts, where the stump speaker may point with pride to the glorious sunshine or the glorious rainfall, according to locality, and defy his opponent to deny that the Republican Party is the cause of the good crops."
"And what do we here in Washington, who haven't even got the right to vote for a countable, get? All the old moth-eaten, worn-out weather that's been laying up on the shelves there at the bureau useless for years."
"All the thunderstorms and dust-storms that by right Kansas ought to get, but Kansas is a State full of 'Murdocs' and things that must be propitiated; so we get her cyclones and she gets our sunshine. It's the same all over the country—and the same, if I may manufacture my own grammar, here in Washington. Purely a matter of using political power to perpetuate the rule of the party."

Quite Like Home.
A native of one of the most western of the United States of America was crossing the Atlantic in rough weather. One morning he went up on deck when a big gale was blowing. Nobody was in sight except the captain.
"Go below there!" shouted the captain.
The passenger looked round to see whom he was talking to.
"You mean me?" he yelled back, as there was no one else in sight.
"Of course I do. Go below," and the captain came alongside.
"Well, I guess not," protested the passenger. "I'm up here to see how one of your mountain high waves and terrific gales compares with what we have at home in the way of cyclones. This ain't a patch to what I've seen out our way."

A big wave just then broke over the deck, sweeping the speaker off. They picked him up with a broken leg, a twisted shoulder and a sprained wrist. When he came to he saw the captain.
"Captain," he said feebly, "that reminded me of home, only it was a little wetter."—Tit-Bits.

Easy Enough.
Just before the capture of Savannah General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago to take the cars east on his way to join his command. The general, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped on the steps of a car, but was stopped by an Irishman with:
"Ye can't go to there."
"Why not?" asked the general.
"Because them's a teddies' car, and no gentlemen 'll be goin' in there without a teddy. There's wan eate in that car over there if ye want it."
"Yes," replied the general, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"
"Oh, yer staff?" was the reply. "Go take the safe and stick yer staff out of the windy."

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:—
1. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 2. Make all queries as complete as possible. 3. Write on one side of the paper only. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the name of the querist. 5. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1911.

NOTES.

QUERIES.

6725. FRENCH—Who were the ancestors of William French, whose daughter Martha, married, 1803, John Packard, of North Bridgewater, Mass? Would like his wife's name and parentage, and all the dates of birth, marriage and death.—W. B.

6726. CREASY, KILBOURNE—Who were the parents of Elizabeth Creasy, wife of Benjamin Smith of Rowley, Mass? He was born 1719, and was the son of Benjamin Smith and his wife, Martha Kilbourne, married 1708. Who were the ancestors of Martha Kilbourne? Any information in regard to these gladly received.—W. B.

6727. FORBES, WHITFORD—Who were John Forbes and Sarah Whitford, his wife, probably of Salem, Mass? Their daughter Sarah Forbes married William Baler, of Scotland.—N. C.

6728. FREEMAN—Morris Freeman of Portsmouth, R. I., married Feb. 9, 1881 Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Wilbore. They removed to Freetown, where can I get information about the ascent and descent of Morris and Elizabeth? Was Sarah Freeman of Freetown who married Amos Snel in that town, Dec. 12, 1784, a descendant?—C. H.

6729. BALLARD—Who were the ancestors of Joshua Ballard and his wife Elizabeth Phillips, who were married February 28, 1865? Who was Joseph Ballard, born January 23, 1800? Who was Lydia Ballard, who married him April 30, 1857? Does this mean Ballard?—R. B.

6730. CHALLONER, CHURCH—Who was Martha Church, who married John Challoner, of Newport, R. I., October 12, 1746? They were married by the Rev. James Honeyman, of Trinity Church. Their children were John, baptized March 7, 1748; William, baptized July 17, 1748; Brenton, born November 30, 1751; Francis, born November 6, 1754, died November 22, 1761; James, born July 17, 1768, died November 26, 1768. I think there were two others, who died in infancy.—W. S.

6731. TEW, HAMMETT, BEEBE—To what branch of the Tew family did Sarah Tew belong, who married William Holt, of Newport, R. I., in 1787? William Holt was born in 1744, son of Benjamin and Jane (Hammett) Holt. Who were the parents of Jane Hammett? The parents of William Holt were Benjamin and Sarah (Beebe) Holt. Who was Sarah Beebe?—R. G.

6732. SLADE, HOLMES—Colonel Peter Slade, of Massachusetts, was born in Rehoboth, Mass., December 8, 1729, died in Swansea, December 28, 1813. He was in the Revolutionary War, and it is claimed that he went to Lexington on the alarm of April 19, 1775. He was the son of William Slade and Sarah Holmes. Can any one give me the ancestry of Sarah (Holmes) Slade? Peter Slade married Mary Mason Chase. I should like to learn her parentage. Peter and Mary Slade had a son Lyell, who married Eliza Lewin. Can any one give me information regarding her ancestry?—H. R.

6733. TENNY CHANNING—Reverend Caleb Jewett Tenny, and Ruth Channing were married at the Second Congregational Church, Newport, R. I., May 1, 1808. Can any one give me the date of the month? Who were the ancestors of each? Ruth Channing was baptized at the First Congregational Church, at Newport, R. I., December 29, 1803. When did she die? When and where was she born? They had three children: William, born 1809; Samuel, born 1811; and Mary, born 1813. The club holds its closing meeting this week with its former president, Mrs. Howard S. Bailey, in New Bedford. The picnic next week will end the club year for the summer.
June 9 was the Feast of St. Columba, the patron saint of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, and a special service was held in the morning with a celebration of the Holy Communion by Rev. Latta Griswold.
The annual banquet of the graduating class '11, St. George's School, was held at Sea Breeze Cottage, Paradise avenue, Saturday evening, covers being laid for 21. An elaborate menu was served by Mrs. and Mrs. Johnson E. Whitman and speech making and college songs completed the evening.
Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell and her daughter, Miss Sarah B. P. Grinnell, of Providence, and Mr. and

J. Percival Grinnell and two sons, of Wakefield, were in town Saturday. The former have opened their cottage on Vaucius avenue, where they will spend a two weeks' vacation.

Sunday last marked the final appearance of the vested choir from St. George's School at St. Columba's, and the church was taxed to its utmost, owing to the attendance of many parents and friends of the boys who were here for Prize Day held on Saturday. In the absence of Rev. Mr. Diman, Rev. Latta Griswold preached the annual sermon. The full choral communion service by Crutcherhaugh was sung during the administration of the Holy Communion. The offering taken was to assist needy boys at St. Andrew's School.

"Buncheon and Smiles," the Children's Day Service at the Methodist Church Tuesday evening, was well attended. The Sunday School was assisted by an augmented choir, with Miss E. E. Wells assisting. She and Mrs. Ida M. Brown also sang solos. The offering to help deserving students was taken by four children about the age of six.

Wednesday, "Flag Day," called forth a showing of the National colors at the schools. The Colonial Dames of Rhode Island celebrated the day by an outing and luncheon at "Whitehall," the historic home of Bishop Berkeley, on Berkeley avenue. Eleven large touring cars carrying eleven American flags arrived from various parts of the State, mostly from Providence and Boston, bringing some 33 guests.

Rev. F. W. Goodman, who leaves on June 19 for Point Hope, Alaska, 4000 miles beyond Seattle, to relieve Rev. A. R. Howe, was tendered a farewell reception at the residence of Mr. Charles B. Weaver, a large and representative audience being present. Mr. Goodman's absence will cover a period of about 14 months.

He was assisted in receiving by Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, Bishop of Rhode Island, and by Rev. Mr. Lawrence, Chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, who will supply the two pulpits during Mr. Goodman's absence; also by the following reception committee: Mrs. C. B. Weaver, chairman, Mrs. J. Alton Barker, Mrs. Alexander Elliott, Mrs. Ebenezer T. Manchester, Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman, Mrs. Elbert Sisson, Mrs. J. McCartney, Miss Emma Chase, Mrs. Henry I. Chase, Mr. James R. Chase, senior warden, Mr. George R. Chase, vestryman, Mr. J. McCarthy, Mr. Reston Manchester, junior warden, Mr. Henry I. Chase, vestryman, Messrs. Willard Chase, Harold R. Chase, Lawrence Champlin, James Chase, 2d, and Herbert Patterson acted as ushers.

A purse of gold was given Mr. Goodman through Bishop Perry who, in presenting the token, extended with the gift the appreciation, esteem and affection of a host of friends. Mr. Goodman felt wholly unequal to responding in more than a brief way, but his remarks were most heartfelt.

Professor Lodder's orchestra rendered a musical program and refreshments were served. Miss Helen Weaver and Mrs. Fred A. Coggeshall acted as a musical committee, and Mrs. Clarence Thurston, Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman and Mrs. Fred A. Coggeshall were the refreshment committee. There was a very handsome display of flowers.

No. 1565

REPORT

OF the condition of the NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 1, 1911.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$380,822 57
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	510 27
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,750 00
Holds, securities, etc.	178,540 21
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	30,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	38,471 67
Checks and other cash items	1,811 20
Exchanges for clearing house	8,672 81
Notes of other National Banks	8,653 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	233 62

LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	19,531 73
Legal-tender notes	4,721 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000 00

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	65,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	28,921 23
National Bank notes outstanding	16,230 00
Due to other National Banks	4,588 49
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	29,877 72
Individual deposits subject to check	372,748 46
Deposits of certificates of deposit	11,915 62
Certified checks	176 63
Checks payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	50,000 00

Total \$720,822 57
State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1911.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.
Corrected—Attest: Edward S. Peckham, Ralph R. Barker, F. B. Coggeshall, Directors.

No. 1072

REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 1, 1911.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$282,000 00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	510 27
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	11,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	138,776 11
Checks and other cash items	41 85
Exchanges for clearing house	4,588 20
Notes of other National Banks	1,811 20
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	177 45

LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$1,155 70
Legal-tender notes	1,810 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000 00

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	65,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	36,921 61
National Bank notes outstanding	16,230 00
Due to other National Banks	4,588 49
Individual deposits subject to check	372,748 46
Deposits of certificates of deposit	11,915 62
Certified checks	176 63
Checks payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	50,000 00

Total \$720,822 57
State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of June, 1911.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.
Corrected—Attest: Albert C. Sherman, George W. Sherman, William Stevens, Directors.

"You don't scold your husband when he has been out all night long with the boys, do you?"
"No, but how do you know?"
"He told my husband that you make the best ice water he ever tasted."—Houston Post.

THE 20 Per Cent Discount Sale

is proving a regular harvest for thrifty shoppers, and a profitable education for those who were not familiar with the moderate prices that always prevail at the Titus Store. The Titus style and quality always have suggested a little more than ordinary things can be had for; but Titus facts have always been able to discount that impression if you put them to the test. With 20 per cent. off right in the middle of the season when your wants are many and when the stocks are best and fullest, the opportunity is one you cannot well afford to let go wasted.

IT MEANS

Solid Mahogany Dining Chairs at \$4 that ought to be \$5
Handsome Mahogany Parlor Rockers at \$3.20 that ought to be \$4
30-Inch Full Tufted Couches at \$12 that ought to be \$15
Heavy Tapestry Couch Covers at \$6.40 that ought to be \$8
Solid Mahogany 3-Piece Parlor Suits at \$40 that ought to be \$50
A French Laid Osiermoot Mattress at \$20 that ought to be \$25
A Swell Little Carriage for Baby at \$16 that ought to be \$20
A 9 x 12 Wilton Rug at \$26.40 that ought to be \$33

A Substantial Saving in anything you need if you buy it now

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PURCHASE OF Egg Lobsters Discontinued.

The attention of all concerned is directed to the following:

On and after May 18, 1911.

No egg bearing lobsters will be purchased by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries until further notice. All such lobsters when taken, must therefore be returned to the water in good condition, immediately after capture, as provided by law.

5-20

E. W. BARNES, Superintendent.

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

The Annual State Examinations for Teachers' Certificates will occur on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 27 and 28, 1911, at the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence.

Provided six or more persons make application therefor, before June 15, examinations will also be held in each of the following places: Newport, Rogers High School; Woonsocket, High School; Westerly, High School; East Greenwich, Academy; North Scituate, Grammar School; but no examinations will be held in any place for less than six applicants.

Examinations will begin each day promptly at 8 o'clock a. m.

On TUESDAY, examinations in Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Physiology, Reading and Spelling, for both Third and Fourth Grade Certificates; in Academic Subjects for First and Second Grade Certificates, in Providence ONLY.

On WEDNESDAY, examinations in Professional Subjects for all grades. Any person purposing to take the examinations for Third and Fourth Grade Certificates, and on or before June 22, notify the undersigned of the grade of certificate for which, and the place at which he intends to take the examination. Candidates for examination for First and Second Grade Certificates must send application before June 10.

WALTER F. RANGER, Secretary State Board of Education, Box 1511, Providence, R. I. 0-10-2w

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Island Savings Bank

Will be held at the banking rooms of the National Exchange Bank on Wednesday, June 21, 1911, at 3 o'clock p. m.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Secretary.
Towne—Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith cure?
Brown—Yes. You see the doctor and the druggist both trusted him.—Medford Drum.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 25th, 1911.

Estate of Florence K. Howland.
HENRY C. STEVENS, JR., Conservator of the property of Florence K. Howland, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his final account with the estate of said deceased ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the nineteenth day of June next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

5-3-3w

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Big Bargain in an ORGAN,

MADE BY ESTEY.

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5 octave, 11 stops. Very handsome Oak Case, with a fine Plate Glass Mirror.

PRICE \$46.00.

BARNEY'S Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.—Cato.

More Money, Better Living.

BY GEO. WHITEFIELD MEAD.

I believe in the better wage for all, believing that it makes for better living. How can one rise to one's best when life is reduced to the drag and drudge of "room and board"—of "making ends meet?"

I once knew what it was to wait for months to be able to buy a book for which I longed with THE PASSION OF SOUL HUNGER.

Yet it ought to be possible for us, for ALL of us, to buy the books that we need, to take the journeys which would mean cultural gain, to educate our children as we desire to educate them.—THE BEST POSSIBLE—to take the respite that our physical and spiritual well being REQUIRES, and to provide for old age in such good way that it will be the golden time of life. How about it? Are we?

The true question is WILL WE?

WE CAN.

Man was never intended for a "beast of burden." He is of finer stuff and ought to assert it, ought to have TIME AND MEANS for play and self-improvement, for intellectual and spiritual culture as well as toil. But how have the means, the money, having which one can take the time.

The one way for most of us is to let your little savings WORK FOR YOU.

You MUST put your savings somewhere. You can put them in a stock, but keep them for the burglar when he calls, or to make a feast for rats, or leave them for the fire to devour, or bury them; but that is not putting your money in the harness—not making it earn more money for you.

Evidently, in order to keep your money and to profit by it, you must invest it—must put it where it will INCREASE AND MULTIPLY FOR YOU.

Some try the savings bank which have their uses. But what is a return of three and a-half per cent? Whoever provided for old age or any reasonable requirement of life, to say

nothing of books and travel, through a beggarly four per cent? Place your money there and other people will make the large return out of it.

Some people try "mining stock," but that is a hazard, and 90 per cent of such risks fail.

There is a way, however, where ONE'S SECURITY IS ABSOLUTE, and the returns are LARGE, LARGE, LARGE. It is—but no, I cannot tell you here in this costly space.

Let me only say this: That I have a plan, one that protects high-class property, of great value.

So good is my proposition that it has appealed to strong, SUCCESSFUL business men, men who are "making good," men who have vision; ability to recognize a good thing when they see it, differentiating it from the superior that is full of promises but void of possibilities. That is why they have succeeded. Several of these persons are Newporters whose names I can quote you.

Now listen: My plan has been so successful that I have opportunity for only a few more persons to share in it. Will you be one of the fortunate few? Will you let me tell you about it? If you only want to hear, that is all right; I shall enjoy telling you and meeting you.

A postal card and a pen of ink may bring you a fortune. Write me where and when to meet you, or when you can meet me at the Mercury Office.

Address: GEO. WHITEFIELD MEAD, Mercury Office, 182 Thames St., Newport, R. I. Telephone No. 181

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., June 6, 1911.

Estate of Lorenzo Littlefield.

REQUEST in writing is made by Frank Littlefield, an heir at law of said Lorenzo Littlefield, late of New Shoreham, deceased, testate, that Alvin H. Sprague, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed, of the estate of said deceased, the Executor named in his will being deceased; and said request is received and referred to the third day of July, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

5-17-3w

Carr's List:

THE STORY GIRL, By L. M. Montgomery.

Author of Anne of Green Gables.

THE LONG ROLL, By Mary Johnston.

Author of "To Have and to Hold."

THE FAT OF THE LAND, By John William Streeter.

THE MILLER OF OLD CHURCH, By Ellen Glasgow.

THE HAUNTED PALAMAS, By Francis Perry Elliott.

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STANDARD COURSES IN:

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Engineering }
Applied Science }
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SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in:

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Roofing.

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